

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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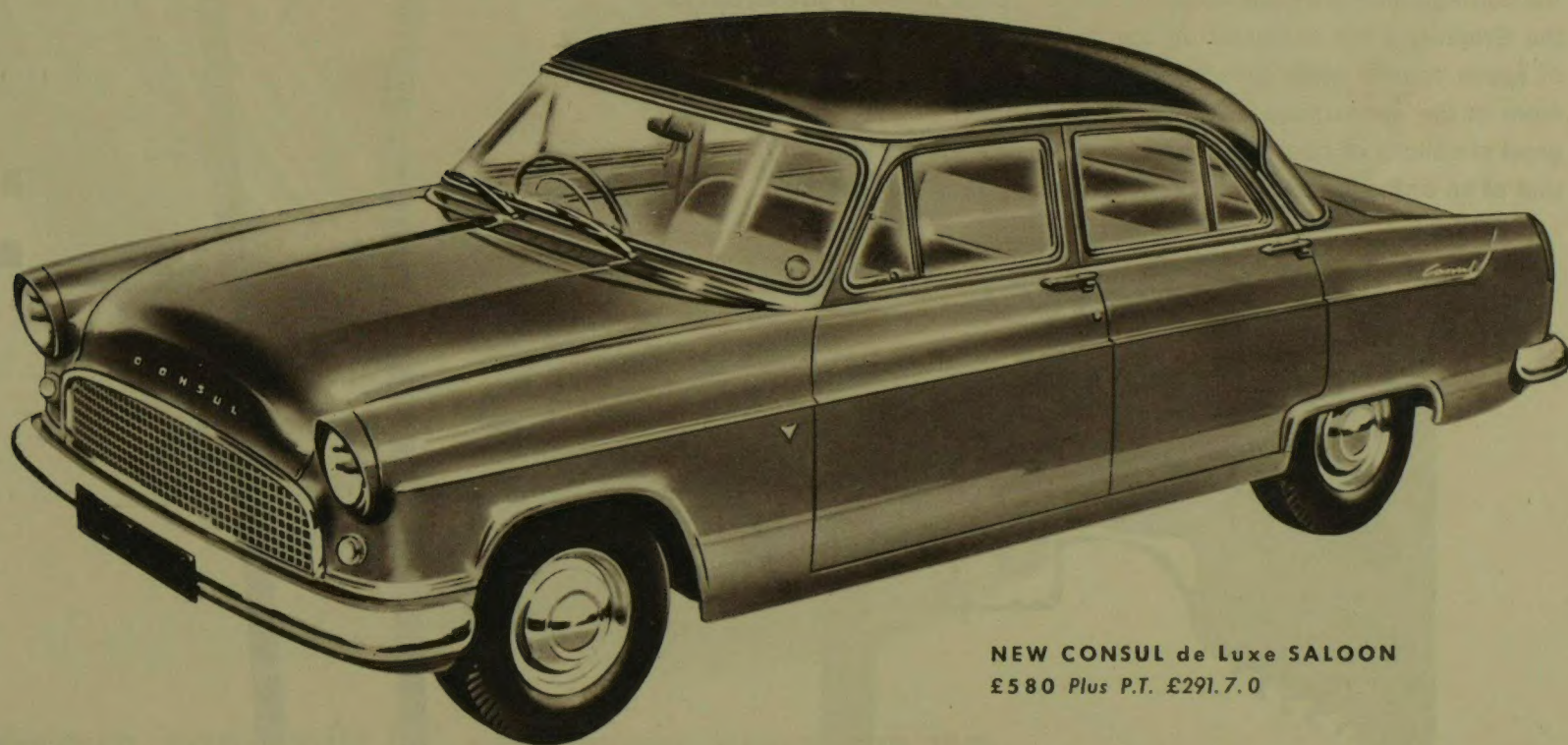
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NEW CONSUL de Luxe SALOON  
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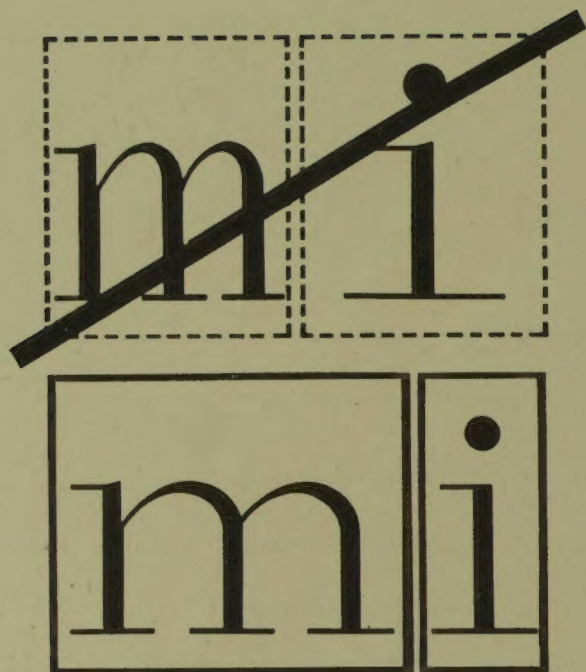
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boot, counter-weighted lid. 147 sq. inches Hydraulic brakes. Range of new *two-tone* body, trim, upholstery colours. Extras: heater, de-mister, radio, white side-wall tyres.



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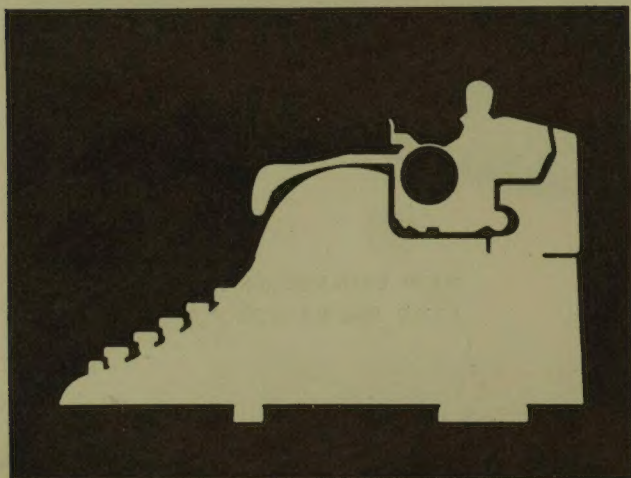


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For the very first time proportional spacing is introduced in a standard, manually-operated typewriter—the Olivetti Graphika.

Graphika proportional spacing brings to everyday typing the precision and beauty of a page from a well-printed book. In ordinary typewriters the carriage moves by one constant unit of space for each stroke, but in the Graphika each character on the keyboard is given only the amount of space its own width calls for. The result is an extraordinary improvement in the appearance of any and every typed page—achieved with great simplicity of operation and at a cost surprisingly little higher than that of an ordinary standard typewriter.

## Graphika



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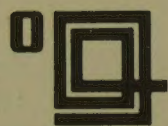
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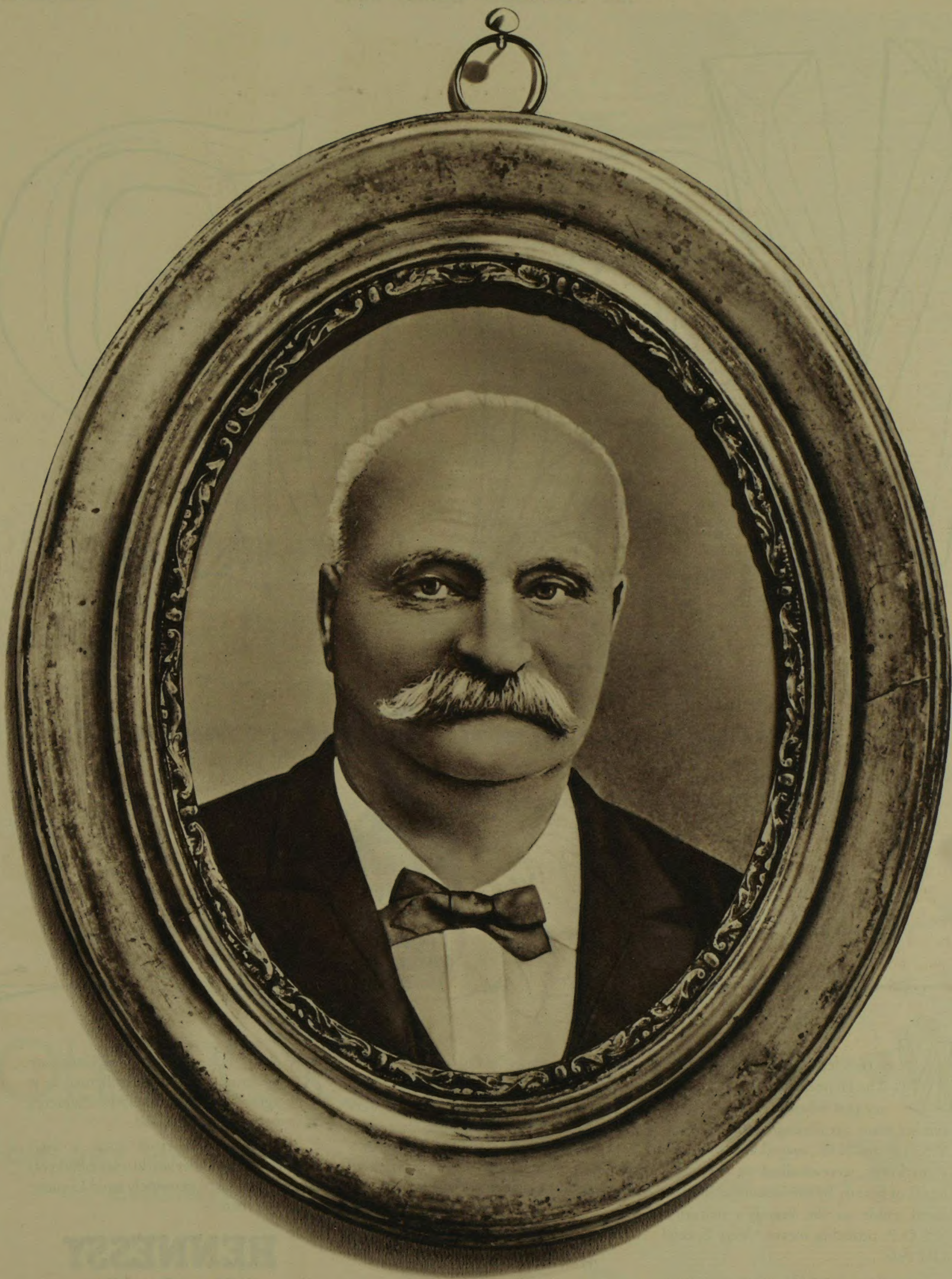
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**“Chacun son goût !” SAID EUGENE MERCIER IN 1858**

“and my taste is for conservative revolutions.” Whereupon he quietly set about revolutionising the method of producing champagne.

The process of making was sacred, naturellement, but the equipment, the organisation—“il y avait encore à faire!” A mere stripling of twenty

summers, he had the Gallic nerve to establish himself in our town of Epernay in 1858—exactly a hundred years ago.

And to such purpose did the lad equip and organise, and yet with such success preserve the ancient skills, that quite soon Champagne Mercier

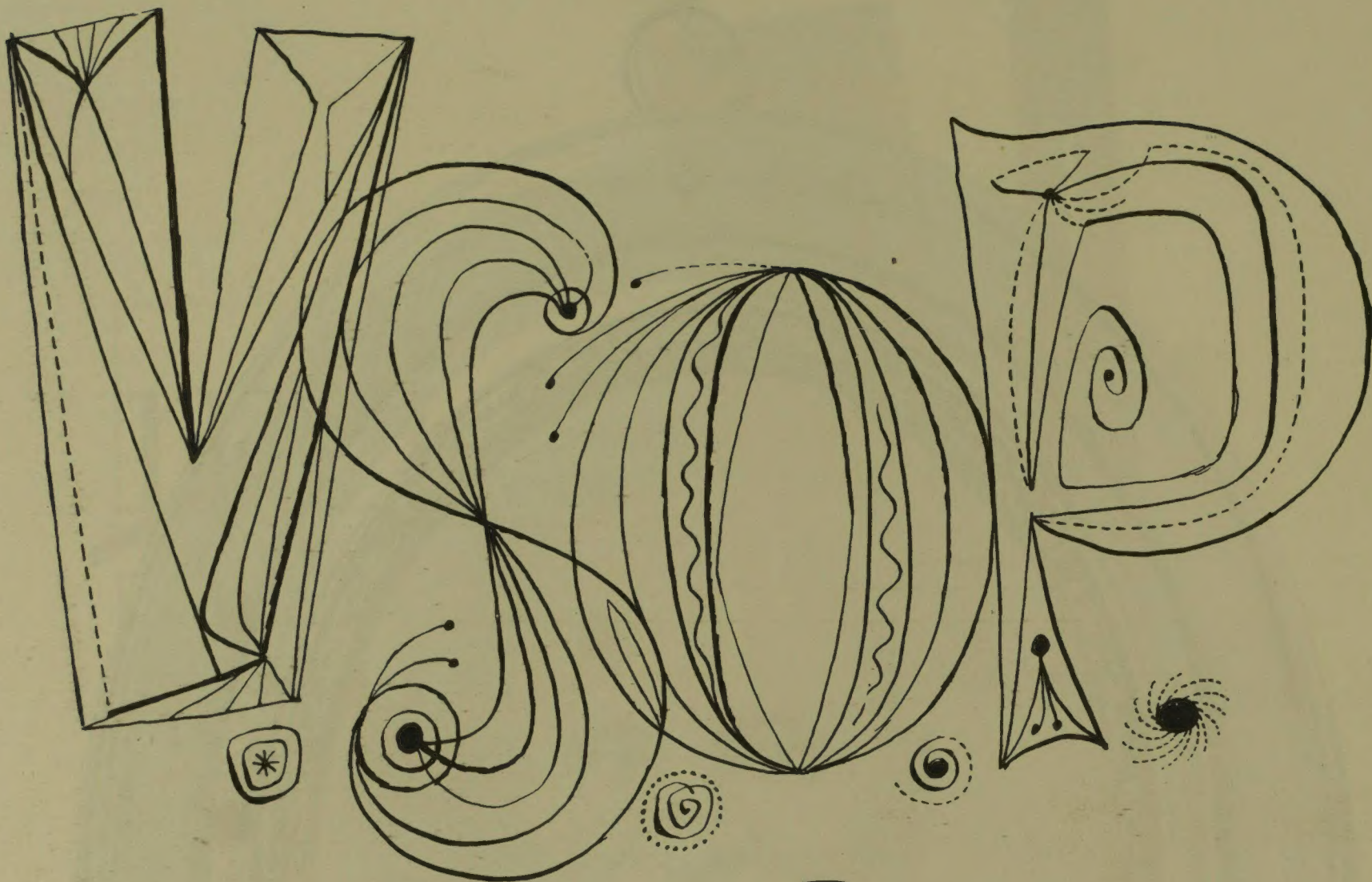
was recognised throughout France as one of the great Marques.

Champagne Mercier has a golden, even lyrical vivacity, and a fragrance of divinity clings to it. At your very first sip, you will swear that you are rediscovering the elixir of the gods on High Olympus . . . which is quite

natural, when you know, as we do, that Champagne Mercier is made by men who have dedicated their lives to their calling.

*Jarvis, Halliday & Company Limited,  
62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.  
Telephone: WHitehall 1778.*





## What do these famous letters mean?



**N**O ONE seems quite to remember. The Hennessy family in Cognac say that when they first used the symbol many decades ago, letters such as V.S.O.P. and X.O., as well as the famous ★ markings, were chalked on the hogsheads of brandy by the blender as his personal guide to the brandy's maturity. V.S.O.P. probably meant 'Very Special Old Pale'.

Nowadays, however, as an indication of age and quality, the letters V.S.O.P. on liqueur brandies have become as equivocal in the brandy trade as the description 'Final Night Extra' on an evening newspaper.

But one thing is certain. *The label 'V.S.O.P.' means nothing unless coupled with the name of a shipper whose stocks are good*

*enough, large enough and old enough to ensure continuity of quality and age.*

Note for the Curious. Why 'Very Special Old PALE'? Because once upon a time there was a fashion for BROWN BRANDY, which was heavily coloured by the addition of burnt sugar.

### *An Invitation to a Memorable Experience*

When you are on holiday in France, visit the Hennessy premises in Cognac. There you will learn with your own eyes and palate what V.S.O.P. was originally meant to stand for.

You will see the vast stocks of matured and maturing brandies. You will be able to taste their quality—choosing at random from this hogshead and that: and

you will learn why Hennessy loses none of its brilliance as it ages, but rather gains in character as it mellows in the wood.

You will learn from such a visit why no one in the world can offer you a better choice of genuinely aged Liqueur Cognacs than—

## **HENNESSY**

V.S.O.P. — X.O. — EXTRA

*P.S.—Hennessy ★★★ is very often served as a liqueur, and why not? It is drawn from the very same stocks as its elder brothers and matured for many years in wood.*

*Incidentally, it was Maurice Hennessy who, in the year 1865, chose the star as a symbol, inspired by the device embodied in the window catch in his office. You can see it for yourself when you visit Cognac.*



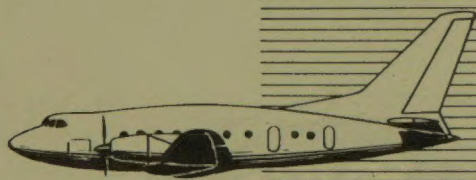


British, American,  
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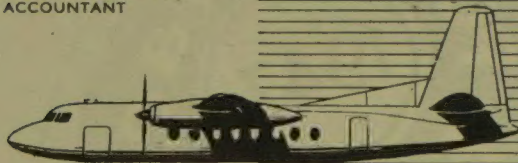
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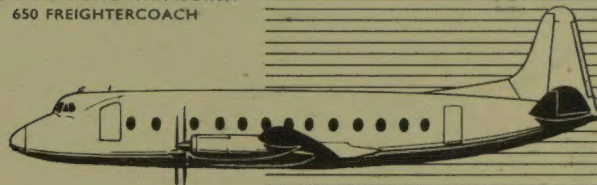
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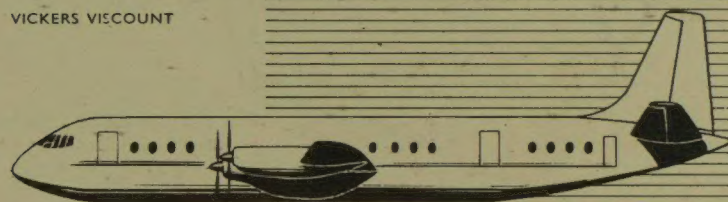
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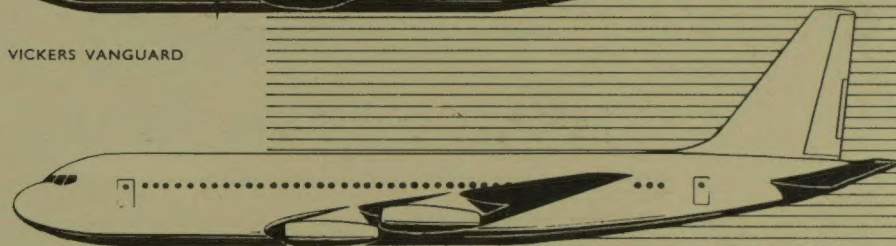
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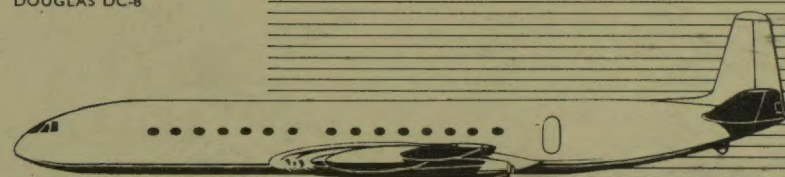
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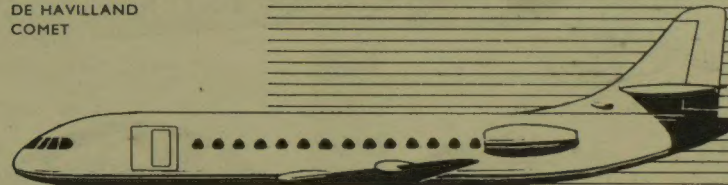
BOEING 707-420



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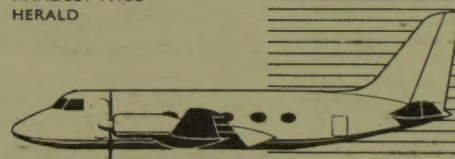
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# POL ROGER

**consistently  
the best  
Champagne**



*"A procurer of contentedness".*

Thus Sir Henry Wotton described angling; and looking at this photograph of the River Teign, how right, we think, he was! What true fisherman could fail to be cheerfully content, surrounded by so much beauty? For even if the fish prove reluctant, he can rest his eyes on the mellow stone of Fingle Bridge.

In financial matters, anglers will find Barclays Bank a "procurer of contentedness". The unique Barclays system of local Head Offices, each under the control of Local Directors, ensures that their affairs are handled by men who really know their districts—including, it may be, its flyfishing rivers! There are 28 of these local Head Offices in England and Wales.

**BARCLAYS BANK  
LIMITED**



**I'll tell you something  
else about Shell...**



# **Shell Chemicals**

## **partner the pioneers**

Ten to one you're thinking of oil, but Shell also means chemicals from petroleum on a vast scale for industry and agriculture. Take the surface coatings industry for example, goodness knows how many thousands of gallons of paint are made annually, but a great proportion of them are better products because of Shell solvents — and Epikote Resins. These epoxy resins are giving paint astonishing new power to fight corrosion, and they're sparking other exciting developments in plastics and electronics. Resin development is just one field in which Shell are creating new opportunities . . . to coin a phrase . . .

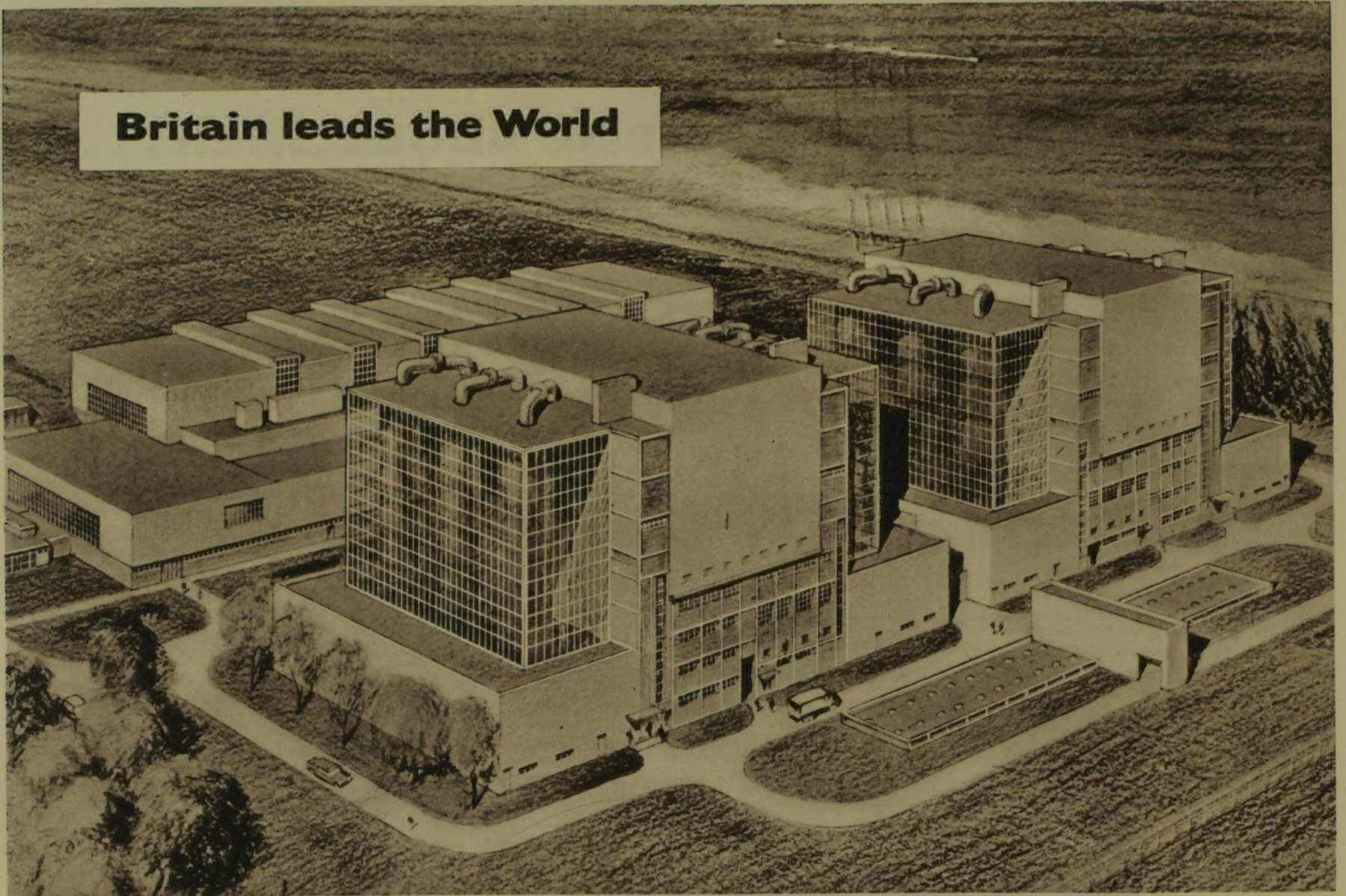


Shell Chemical Company Limited, Marlborough House, 15-17, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.1.  
In association with Petrochemicals Ltd · Oxirane Ltd · Styrene Products Ltd.

*'EPIKOTE' is a Registered Trade Mark*



## Britain leads the World



*An artist's impression of the nuclear power station being built at Bradwell, Essex*

# Nuclear Power will work for us all

In the next decade millions of pounds will be spent in developing Britain's national electricity supply; on generation; on extending the Grid and Supergrid systems of main transmission lines; and on strengthening and extending existing distribution networks. This expansion is essential if Britain's future prosperity is to be safeguarded.

An important part of the expansion plan is the construction of enough nuclear power

stations to provide 5 to 6 million kilowatts of power. But nuclear power stations cannot be built just anywhere. They must be near a very large water supply; they need very firm foundations to support the abnormally heavy weight of the nuclear reactors and associated plant; and for economic reasons, they must be fairly close to the load to be supplied.

Because of this, and the fact that about 40% of total electricity consumption is in the

southern half of the country, most of the nuclear power stations will be sited away from the major coalfields. The vast quantities of cooling water needed are rarely available elsewhere than on the coast or large estuaries. The existence of adequate foundations at possible sites can only be proved by trial borings.

Power stations, however, whether of nuclear or conventional type, are of no use without some means of getting the electricity to the consumer; and under modern conditions this means the Grid and Supergrid. Planned since the war to reinforce the 132,000 volt Grid, the 275,000 volt Supergrid will be a complementary part of Britain's nuclear power drive, connecting power stations to supply points feeding the distribution network.

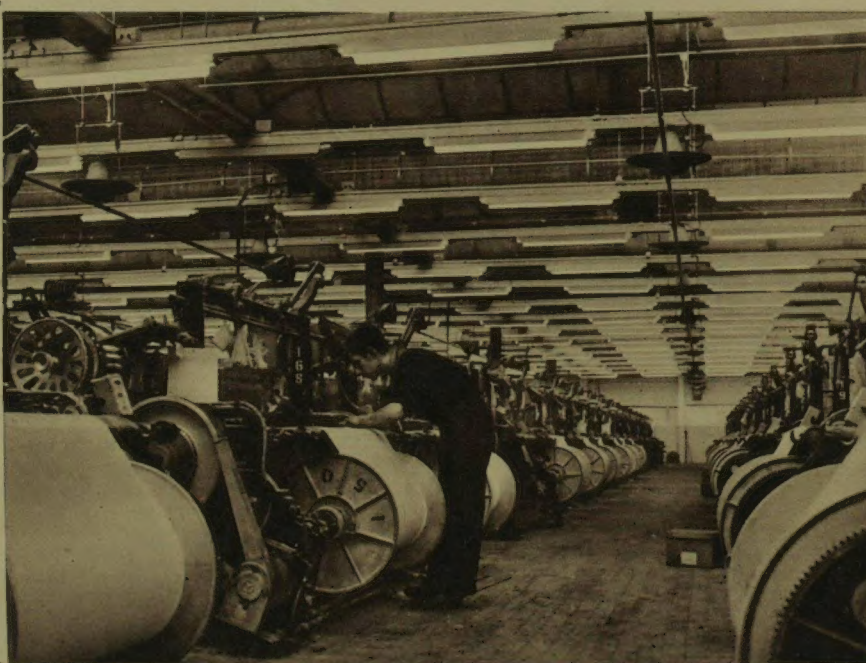
The Grid and Supergrid lines are the outward and visible signs of the rejuvenation of Britain's power arteries. They are the lifelines ensuring an increasingly prosperous future.

★ ★ ★

This series of advertisements is being published so that everyone will understand the nation's electric power programme and why it is necessary to have not only electric power stations but also pylons to carry the power where it is needed.



The pylons of Britain not only bring power to our factories, but also the lighting and ventilation that have made modern factories cleaner and brighter and happier places to work in.





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1957.



A GOD OR PRINCE PLUCKING THE FLOWERING LOTUS: ONE OF A SERIES OF SUPERB IVORIES FOUND IN A HITHERTO UNTOUCHED ASSYRIAN PALACE AT NIMRUD.

This magnificent ivory is one of a remarkable group, perhaps the finest yet known and some of them unique, which will be illustrated in full in the second of a series of articles (beginning in this issue) by Professor M. E. L. Mallowan. The articles, which will be continued in our next two issues, concern the exceptionally rich harvest of the 1957 excavations at Nimrud by the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, conducted by Professor Mallowan. A new

site has been discovered, named by the excavators "Fort Shalmaneser," which seems to have remained undisturbed since its destruction in 612 B.C.; and it is believed that even more of these magnificent works await the spade. This particular example measures about 10 ins. by 4½ ins. (25.2 by 11.5 cm.), and it is shown after its cleaning by Sayid Akram Shukri in the Iraq Museum laboratories. It is now in the Iraq Museum. [Photograph by Antran.]

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NOW that so many of the more restless members of our community are hoping to set out soon for the moon, I have been planning a journey of my own. My desire is to travel, not forwards into space, but backwards into time, and, though I am afraid my prospects of arriving are even smaller than those who want to visit the planets of outer space, I fancy that if I did so, I should be rather more content than they with what I found. For I should revisit the country where I was born and the city where I grew up. That country was called England and the city London. And though there is still a country called England and a city called London, they are so different from those that I remember that my journey would be as exciting to me, and as much a voyage of discovery, as projection into the empyrean and a lunar landscape would be to those who are clamouring to leave our planet altogether.

I will start with London, for it is there that I am at present writing. Of course, much that I should find in that older London of my youth still stands in the London of to-day; the Victorian houses where the Forsytes lived, with their tall, classical windows and iron area-railings, surrounding Hyde Park; the plane trees in the squares—or some of them; the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's dome and the Abbey, the Law Courts, the iron railway bridge over the river at Charing Cross, and the embanked River itself. And though London was a much smaller place, not half its present size, the outline of its streets was much as it is to-day; except for Kingsway, which had still to be built, the street map of central London has altered very little since the beginning of the century, and no living Londoner, suddenly thrown back sixty years in time, would have any difficulty in finding his way about it. Yet for all this he would be translated to a city so different to ours that, despite its many familiar buildings, he would feel himself to be in another world. Its inhabitants, its traffic, its sights and sounds and smells would be as unfamiliar to him as those of some city of the Orient or of the American prairies; indeed, I fancy, less familiar. For the first overwhelming impression he would receive as he looked out on the streets would be that he was in a land of horses; instead of the fumes of petrol and the constant roar of internal combustion and changing gears—to which most young people to-day are so accustomed that they take them completely for granted and scarcely notice them—he would be immediately aware of the smell of horse-dung and hot leather, while his ears would be assailed by the sound of clapping hooves, the jingle of harness and bells and the thunder of iron wheels moving over wooden paving blocks. In the more crowded thoroughfares—in, say, Piccadilly or the Strand—the volume of sound would, I think, be almost as great as it is to-day, though far more varied and less monotonous, with a strong undercurrent of street cries—for the art of advertisement, as in many southern and Oriental countries to this day, was still as much vocal as visual—and of the sound of barrel-organs and brass bands, to both of which the Londoners of my youth were much addicted. But the noise would be far easier to escape from,

for in the quieter and more residential streets and squares there would, compared with to-day, be remarkably little traffic. Only the rich had carriages; the dust-cart, the tradesman's van, an occasional hansom or four-wheeler, and men wheeling barrows or Punch and Judy shows, usually with a ruffed terrier in attendance, would be the sole occupants of the street. It was still mainly a pedestrian's London; Shanks's Pony, as it was called, was by far the more common means of transport for all classes. Even the toffs walked; I can see them doing so on a Sunday morning,

Yet it was a world, on the whole, in which it was very easy to distinguish the classes into which society was divided, for every class had its own kind of garb, voluntarily chosen. It was also a world which, though divided by class and class distinction, was unified by a common religious and moral belief and code. The prayers my nurse taught me to recite morning and night by the bedside, the grace said before meals, the hymns sung in every church and chapel in the land were common to aristocrat, bourgeois, artisan and peasant and helped to keep England a single

nation. On the whole, I believe it was a far less divided community than is generally supposed or than it is to-day. The unity of conviction with which, despite party divisions and animosities—never stronger than in the decade before 1914—it entered the war against Imperial Germany after the latter's invasion of Belgium suggests that I am right in this; there was a great divergence in the way men lived socially and economically, but very little in what they regarded as right or wrong, even if, as in all ages and societies, they frequently failed to practise what they preached. I suspect that it is the absence of this unity of conviction, as much as the ubiquity of the internal combustion engine, the aeroplane and the fear of the atomic bomb, that makes London seem such a restless place to-day and Britain herself, comparatively speaking, so weak and unsure of herself in the comity of nations. Certainly the background of life, even for a little boy who had to make his way in the world and had no hope of inherited wealth, was by modern standards an extraordinarily assured and secure one; one had to fend for oneself, to work hard, to live a sober, godly and righteous life, but, provided one had the character and stamina to do these things, one could look forward, it seemed, to a life full of hopeful possibility and satisfaction. I think it is to see the reflection of that certainty in the eyes of men and women and, above all, in those of the young that I should like to revisit the London of my youth. I know there was much squalor and tragedy in it: the drab dirt of the slums, the destitution and drunkenness of those who, through their own fault or that of their parents, had failed in the hard, strenuous

race of life, the pathetic beggars and crossing-sweepers and ragged children, the sight of whose poverty wrenched at one's heart as one walked the thriving, confident streets of the world's greatest metropolis. Yet, on the whole, it was a London with intense conviction, with faith and, with what comes from these things, vitality and energy. I am glad I grew up in it. And I should like to see and hear again its familiar sights and sounds; its horse-buses and jingling cabs and carriages, its tinkling hurdy-gurdies, the gleaming, varnished shop-fronts and striped awnings in the Bond Street sunshine, the fine brown dust of horse-dung eddying on the dusty summer pavements, the parade of men and women and horses at Hyde Park Corner on a June afternoon, and the quiet of the Royal parks and of Kensington and Pimlico squares before the first motors invaded them and the long Victorian peace, that lasted from Waterloo to Mons, came, as all things in this world must come, to an end.

### AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR READERS.

ON November 30, the issues of *The Illustrated London News*, which since 1947 have remained at the price of 2s., will, in common with other high-class periodicals, be advanced to 2s. 6d.

This innovation, to all who are aware of the great increase in price of almost every commodity during the last ten years, will not come as a surprise, however much disappointment it has meant to us.

The high standard of production of *The Illustrated London News* during the last decade has earned the admiration of the whole world and we have greatly valued the high repute which this paper has gained, but the great increase of costs in every department connected with the production of *The Illustrated London News*, namely, printing, engraving, paper and the price of photographic contributions, has made it impossible to continue this standard without an advance in the price of each issue.

It is with the greatest reluctance that we have been forced to this decision, but we were presented with two alternatives; one to reduce the standard of production as some small set-off for these extra costs, or to maintain the quality of each issue by making an alteration in the price.

We have reluctantly considered that the second alternative is the only one that would appeal to you, our readers.

You may rest assured that the high standard of *The Illustrated London News* will be maintained, even improved, in the future.

BRUCE S. INGRAM, *Editor*.

in their glossy top-hats, long, wasp-waisted, square-cut frock-coats, tapering trousers, tall collars, fancy waistcoats, spats and shiny, pointed boots, accompanied by their feathered-bow-tied, highly-upholstered ladies, as they made their way from St. Peter's, Eaton Square, through the dusty Belgravia streets to Hyde Park Corner or Albert Gate for the great after-church parade near the Achilles Statue. There were wonderful carriages and horses, gleaming and prancing, with ethereal creatures sitting in them and liveried, cockaded footmen riding on high, but these were only part of the show; shoe-leather was the most important of all the ingredients that made up Edwardian London. Indeed, the most essential sartorial distinction of a gentleman in those days was that his footwear was neat, clean and well-made. Provided he was sound in this respect, he could still pass muster in that snobbish but still eccentric and highly individualistic world if the rest of his attire was shabby. He could even get away with turned-up trousers!





GATHERED IN THE RAIN TO PAY TRIBUTE TO A FAITHFUL DOG: THE SCENE AT LUCO DI MUGELLO, NEAR FLORENCE, WHEN *FIDO* (CENTRE) WAS AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL FOR LOYALTY TO HIS DEAD MASTER.

A MOVING story of the love and loyalty shown by a dog comes from Italy. The dog, who has the appropriate name of *Fido*, was only a puppy when he was saved from a flooded river at Luco di Mugello, near Florence, by Carlo Soriani in 1942. After his rescue *Fido* followed his master everywhere, and when Carlo got on to the bus every day to go to work in a factory at nearby Borgo San Lorenzo, *Fido* waited at the bus stop all day until his master returned in the evening. One sad day in 1944 Carlo did not come home, he had been killed in an air raid on the factory. But *Fido* still believes that his master will return to him, and for the thirteen years since Carlo's death he has waited for him each day at the bus stop. Nowadays he waits there all night too, and sleeps under the parked bus. On November 10 the people of Luco di Mugello paid tribute to *Fido* during a ceremony at which Signor Giuseppe Graziani, the Mayor of Borgo San Lorenzo, attached a gold medal for loyalty to *Fido's* collar.

(Right.) THE DOG THAT HAS WAITED FOR HIS DEAD MASTER FOR THIRTEEN YEARS: *FIDO* HAVING A GOLD MEDAL ATTACHED TO HIS COLLAR BY THE MAYOR OF BORGO SAN LORENZO, WHILE THE WIDOW OF *FIDO'S* DEAD MASTER WEEPS.



THE FAITHFULNESS OF *FIDO*: A GOLD MEDAL FOR A LOYAL DOG.



# NIMRUD AND "FORT SHALMANESER": THE FIRST OF THREE ARTICLES ON A YEAR'S WORK AT NIMRUD, WHERE A GREAT TREASURY OF OUTSTANDING IVORY CARVINGS HAS BEEN UNCOVERED.

By M. E. L. MALLOWAN, D.Litt., F.B.A., F.S.A. (Field Director of the Expedition and Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology in the University of London).

Since 1950 Professor Mallowan has written in our pages a series of articles on his remarkable excavations of the rich Assyrian site at Nimrud (ancient Calah). These articles appeared in our issues of July 22 and 29, 1950; July 28 and August 4, 1951; August 9, 16 and 23, 1952; August 8, 15 and 22, 1953; and January 21 and 28, 1956. The present article covers the 1957 season, which has been one of outstanding success, and it will be continued in our next two issues, which will be

whose library we had discovered in the course of two previous campaigns. We know that here, on the very summit of Nimrud, Layard had found part of a building which was thought to be the palace of Assur-etil-ilani (633-629 B.C.), the last king but one of Assyria. This we succeeded in locating and were able to add a number of hitherto undiscovered rooms to its ground plan (Fig. 2). This

palace, still a gigantic undertaking in terms of human labour, nevertheless represented a period at which Assyria was on the decline. Some of its huge mud-brick walls were partially revetted with upright stone slabs, but no longer could the king afford to apply carvings and sculptured friezes as his forbears would have done, and the stone pavements had long been stripped bare of whatever valuable furniture had once stood upon them. One discovery in the great hall was, however, of considerable biblical and historical interest. The long north wall had been covered with a great screen which consisted of panels of plain uncarved ivory nailed to a wooden backing (Figs. 7 and 8). Some sections of the panelling were found lying on the floor, and it was fortunate that these had escaped the terrible fire which had consumed the

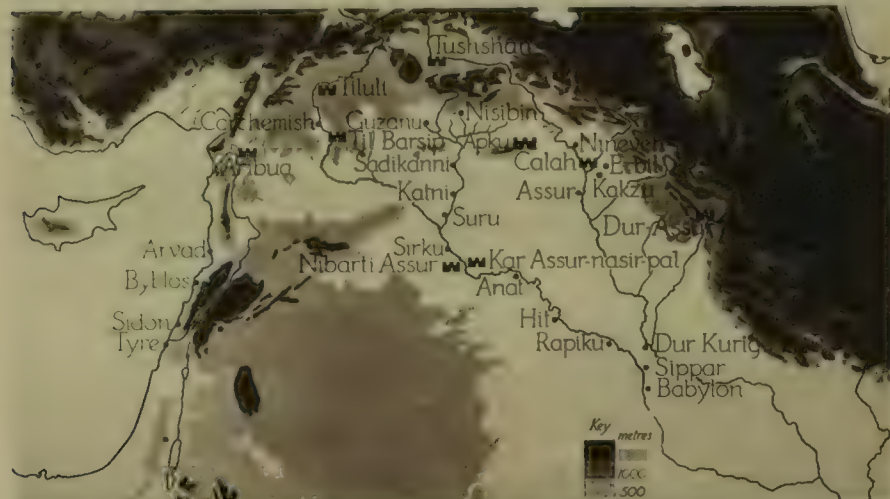


FIG. 1. A MAP OF THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST, SHOWING CALAH (MODERN NIMRUD) IN RELATION TO THE OTHER CITIES OF THE "FERTILE CRESCENT."

devoted to the great collection of ivories, some idea of whose quality can be gained from the example reproduced on our front page.

The following articles describe the results of excavations at Nimrud during the months of March and April 1957. The expedition was under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq and generously supported by many other institutions, including The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery; the *Daily Telegraph*; the Iraq Petroleum Company, which also lent technical help and machinery; the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; the Musées Royaux d'Art et d'Histoire, Brussels; and the Rask-Ørsted Foundation, Copenhagen.

The staff of the expedition included the following persons: the Director and Mrs. M. E. L. Mallowan; Mr. and Mrs. Friis, Mr. F. S. Johansen, Mr. N. Kindersley, Dr. J. Laessøe, Mr. David Oates (Assistant Director) and Mrs. Oates, Miss Barbara Parker, and Mr. David Stronach. A warm debt of gratitude is due to H.E. Dr. Naji el Asil, Director-General of the Iraq Antiquities Department, and to his staff for much help and kindness. Sayid Tarik el Madhlum, an experienced and valued colleague, was Iraqi representative to the expedition.

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IN May 1957 we completed our eighth campaign at Nimrud since the war. It seems incredible that a site so extensively dug can continue year after year yielding treasures of surpassing beauty. But in this ruined city, once known as Calah, the military capital of Assyria, twenty-two miles south of Nineveh (Fig. 1), the more we dig, the better the finds. It is not perhaps generally realised that the Nimrud collection of ivories is now the richest ever recovered from the ancient world. A century ago Layard and Loftus brought home to the British Museum many hundreds of pieces which have recently been published by Mr. R. D. Barnett in a handsome catalogue. Those which have been discovered in our recent campaigns since the war now exceed the first lot in number and in variety, and often attain a standard of craftsmanship and æsthetic quality unmatched at any other period of history. The ivories illustrated in this article have been cleaned and reconstituted as a result of six months' patient work in the laboratories of the Iraq Museum, Baghdad, and the Institute of Archaeology, University of London. The value of the recent discoveries is, moreover, greatly enhanced by the fact that they have been associated with dated cuneiform tablets which enable us to assign many of them to their proper historical context and to determine within approximate limits both their dates and their places of origin.

Before reaching the ground which yielded so splendid a climax to our preceding work, it is of interest to examine the preceding archaeological steps which led us there. We began by attacking the highest part of the akropolis, south of the Temple of Nabu, the god of writing and learning,

considerable biblical and historical interest. The long north wall had been covered with a great screen which consisted of panels of plain uncarved ivory nailed to a wooden backing (Figs. 7 and 8). Some sections of the panelling were found lying on the floor, and it was fortunate that these had escaped the terrible fire which had consumed the

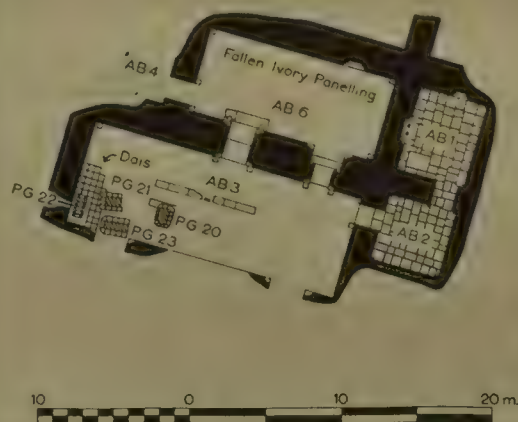


FIG. 2. THE PLAN OF THE ASSYRIAN EQUIVALENT OF THE "IVORY HOUSE WHICH AHAB MADE": THE HIGHEST PART OF THE AKROPOLIS OF NIMRUD.

Drawn by David Oates.

building when the Assyrian Empire fell to the hands of the Medes and the Persians in 612 B.C. Here, then, was the Assyrian version of the "Ivory House which Ahab made," I Kings, XXII, 39, the best possible illustration of a phrase in the Old Testament which might otherwise have seemed exaggerated in content, although in Samaria, Ahab's capital, some ivories similar in style to those at Nimrud were also found.

Apart from the panelling the only other significant discovery in the building was two stone-built cist graves which had been deposited in its ruins when the might of Assyria was but a memory. One of these burials, perhaps deposited towards the end of the third century B.C., contained within it a set of Assyrian cylinder seals and amulets which were collector's pieces, the belongings of a man doubtless aware of their antiquity and perhaps valued for their magical properties. The

most remarkable object was an ancient serpentine cylinder seal made in about 2400 B.C. (Figs. 4 and 5), which implies that a greater period of time separated its Babylonian from its Hellenistic owner than that which separates the latter from us, assuming that he lived in about 200 B.C. The scene engraved upon it illustrates two heroes of Sumerian mythology attacking a lion and a wild bull, a favourite subject for the seal carver in cities such as Ur and Erech which in the third millennium B.C. dominated the southern reaches of the Euphrates valley. The same grave contained a delightful copper statuette of a reclining calf (Fig. 6), which may well be a Hellenistic production perhaps influenced by cast-copper figurines made by the Assyrians in the seventh century B.C.

The discovery of Hellenistic graves within this previously excavated and much plundered building encouraged us in our efforts to ascertain what had happened at Nimrud after the Assyrian Government had been driven out of it. Fortunately, on the eastern edge of the akropolis not far away we struck ground unbroken by Layard's picks, and here we recovered the remains of six successive villages which overlay the great walls of an Assyrian building contemporary with the palace previously described. These villages consisted of mud-brick houses with relatively thin walls, ill-constructed mansions which showed how far building standards had fallen below those which had obtained in this once Royal city. Traces of kitchens, ash-pits, bread-ovens, pottery utensils and some agricultural iron implements were all that remained of domestic interest, and below the floors the dead had been buried in large jars, or in stone cist graves. As luck would have it we found one coin hoard, as well as other silver tetradrachms, and drachms in most of these settlements. Some of the silver represented the very best work of the Seleukid period, as the illustrations show. The earliest specimens from the sixth, the deepest of these levels, can be dated to the turn of the third century B.C., mostly of Lysimachus, King of Thrace, but with them are others belonging to subsequent kings, including Seleucus III, and in the fourth level a coin from Aradus with an attractively done bee on the obverse, gazelle and palm on the reverse (Figs. 9, 10, 11 and 12). It is therefore certain that at least five of these villages fall approximately within the period 220-120 B.C., and the sixth, which yielded an attractively glazed bottle, may be a little later still. The stratification is thus of unusual significance, for within a depth of not more than 7 ft. we find a succession of five settlements which can be spanned by no more than 100 years in time. In the preceding Assyrian period we found buildings the floor-levels of which rose not at all in 200 years. This is indeed an object-lesson in archaeology, for it demonstrates how dangerous it can be to attempt to calculate measured depths of debris in terms of years unless one knows the circumstances which governed the accumulation of soil. The meaning of this particularly rapid rise is that the buildings were constructed at a time when there was no longer a central Government capable of exercising any sort of municipal control. The impoverished Hellenistic occupants lacked the army of dustmen, cleaners, sweepers and plasterers which the Assyrians had at their command; hence village succeeded village in all too rapid succession. Interesting as all this historical evidence was, we realised that for more solid and tangible rewards we must move elsewhere, and this is what led us to the more inviting ground which yielded the finest fruits of this season's work. [Continued opposite.]

## FORT SHALMANESER

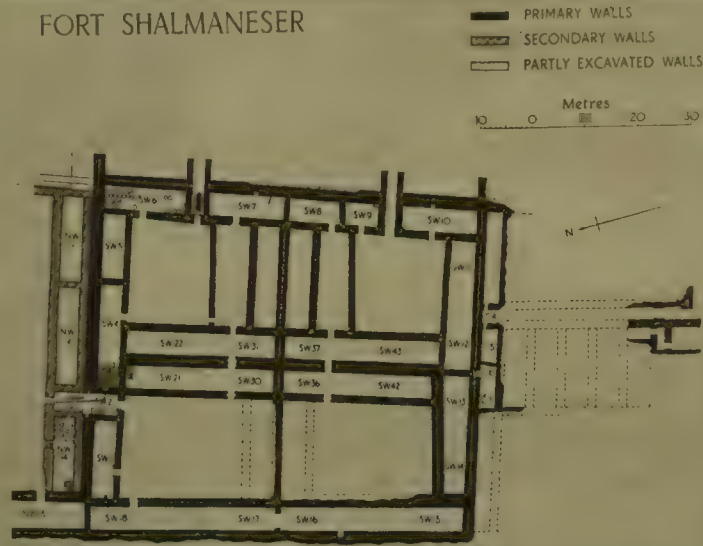


FIG. 3. "FORT SHALMANESER": THE PART OF A 12-ACRE SITE WHICH HAS BY NOW BEEN EXCAVATED FOR THE FIRST TIME AND WHICH HAS PROVED TO BE EXCEPTIONALLY RICH IN OUTSTANDING IVORIES.

Drawn by M. and A. Friis.



# "THE IVORY PALACE" OF NIMRUD; AND COINS AND HELLENISTIC RELICS.



FIGS. 4 AND 5. A CYLINDER SEAL (AND IMPRESSION) OF 2400 B.C. FOUND PRESERVED IN A HELLENISTIC TOMB OF THE SECOND CENTURY B.C.—EITHER AS AN ANTIQUITY OR AS POSSESSING MAGICAL PROPERTIES.



FIG. 6. A DELIGHTFUL COPPER STATUETTE OF A RECUMBENT COW, FOUND IN THE SAME HELLENISTIC GRAVE AS THE CYLINDER SEAL. PERHAPS INFLUENCED BY SEVENTH-CENTURY ASSYRIAN WORK.



FIG. 7. "THE IVORY PALACE" OF NIMRUD, SHOWING THE BURNT WALLS AND (LEFT) SOME OF THE PLAIN IVORY PANELLING LYING FACE DOWNWARDS.

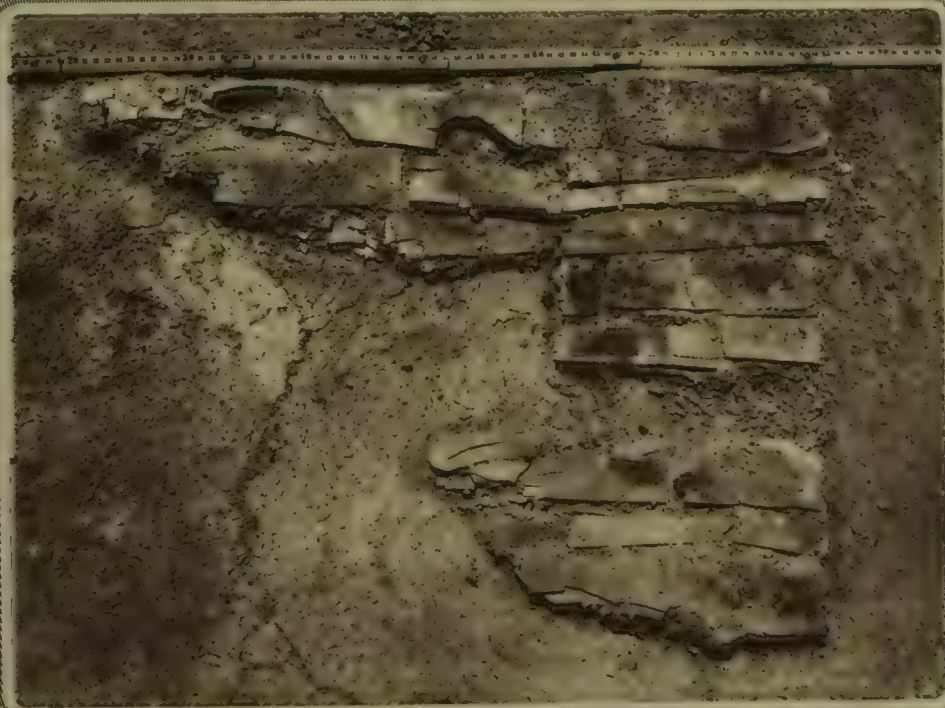
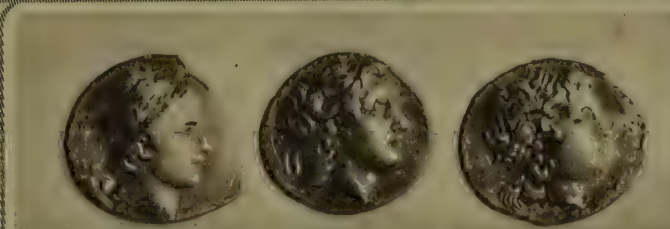


FIG. 8. A DETAIL OF SOME OF THE COLLAPSED IVORY PANELLING OF FIG. 7. THIS PANELLING WAS PLAIN AND DATES FROM THE DECLINE OF ASSYRIA (LATE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.).

*Continued.* When it appeared that further work in the south end of the Akropolis involved deep and costly digging in soil much disturbed we decided that it was time to look for a field of operations of a more promising character. Whilst walking round the outer town towards the beginning of the season I was attracted to some high-lying ground which with its undulating outlines obviously concealed a building contained within heavy walls. As luck would have it we noticed, at a point not far from a gap which seemed to indicate a gate, an inscribed brick of Shalmaneser III (859-824 B.C.). From that moment we resolved that at the first opportunity we should move half of our workmen to this rich-looking cover which we named in anticipation "Fort Shalmaneser" (Fig. 3). So promising were our first efforts in this direction that we soon felt constrained to move all the rest of our men and make a supreme effort to reveal the ground plan of what we knew must be an Assyrian building of exceptionally large dimensions. The building proved to be a fortress contained within a re-entrant sector of the outer town enclosed not only by the huge eastern and southern boundary walls, but by others also massive in character on the northern and western sides. The great mud-brick towers had in the seventies of the last century attracted Rassam, but fortunately his trenches driven into the solid mud-brick showed that he had failed to grasp the significance of this potentially rich terrain, and he stopped just short of a point at which we began finding objects of extraordinary interest. Four weeks' work revealed to us the plan of a building about 12 acres in area entered by a single narrow gateway which led to a compound of symmetrically planned chambers organised around four courtyards (Fig. 3). The building must have been exceptionally lofty, for the western wall was no less than 5 metres (15 ft.) thick. It was entirely built of



FIGS. 9 AND 10. THREE SILVER TETRADRACHMS DISCOVERED IN HELLENISTIC LEVELS IN A TRENCH SOUTH OF THE NABU TEMPLE AT NIMRUD. Fig. 9. Obverses: (1) Seleucus III, issues of 226-222 B.C.; (2) Lysimachus, King of Thrace, issues of 306-281 B.C.; (3) As (2) the head showing Alexander deified, with the horns of Ammon and a diadem.



Fig. 10. Reverses of the same coins: (1) Apollo seated on an omphalos, against which a bow is leaning; (2) and (3) Athene seated and holding Nike with, below, a double-headed axe.



FIGS. 11 AND 12. TWO SILVER TETRADRACHMS AND A SILVER DRACHM: THE DRACHM IS FROM A GRAVE, THE OTHERS FROM THE TRENCH. Fig. 11. Obverses: (1) Eumenes of Pergamon, before 197 B.C.; (2) Aradus, 174-137 B.C., showing a bee; and (3) Lysimachus, King of Thrace, issues of 306-281 B.C.

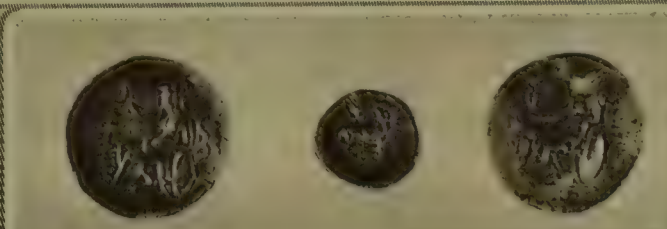


Fig. 12. Reverses of the same coins: (1) Athene seated holding a wreath, with, in the field, a bow and snake; (2) A gazelle and palm-tree; (3) Athene seated, holding a statue of Nike.

mud-brick and there were well-paved baked brick floors in several of the rooms. All the chambers radiating from the courts proved to be magazines and several of the rooms, especially Nos. 6, 14, were packed with great storage jars once filled with wine. In fact, the building was clearly designed to hold the food and drink required for the sustenance of officials and citizens employed in the Royal household. The magazine S.W.6, for example, contained four rows of huge terracotta jars (Fig. 13) with a narrow gangway between them, and tablets associated with them showed that this wine cellar was at one time set aside for the provisioning of the king's male Kassite choir, specially selected singers from the Persian hills. Their ration, about a quart a day, was no doubt appropriate to their artistry. Others who were likewise served included a visiting congress of district governors and female "housekeepers" who had been introduced from Arpad: two other tablets yielded dates of 784 and 778 B.C.—a time when this city in N.W. Syria was obliged to pay tribute to

*[Continued overleaf.]*



## WINE FOR THE KASSITE CHOIR; AN ARAMAIC DOCUMENT; AND AN IVORY CHAIR.



FIG. 13. A RATION OF WINE SET ASIDE FOR THE KING'S MALE KASSITE CHOIR: THE HUGE JARS FOUND IN MAGAZINE S.W.6 IN "FORT SHALMANESER."



FIG. 14. WINE JARS IN "FORT SHALMANESER": THESE ARE MARKED WITH THE ASSYRIAN MEASURES OF CAPACITY AND SO IDENTIFY KNOWN TERMS.

*Continued.]*

Calah. A remarkable object was found in the same room; it was a bow-shaped ivory chair leg, a strange foretaste of "Hepplewhite" terminating in a lion's paw with the claws stained red (Fig. 15). The practice of staining ivories in Lydia is once referred to by Homer in the "Iliad." The wine jars provided us with further valuable information for many of them (Fig. 14) were inscribed with their Assyrian capacity measures in terms of the *homer* and its fractions the *sutu* and the *qa*. A provisional estimate, the result of more than one test, has enabled us to calculate the *homer* as the equivalent of about 187 litres, or a little over 40 gallons, and some of the jars contained more than double that quantity. This is the first occasion on which it has been possible to translate these Assyrian measures into their modern equivalent and the result has far-reaching implications since the *homer* was not only a capacity measure for liquids, but also for solids, and was used as a land measure for calculating the superficies of sown ground. If, as seems probable, one *homer* of land was at the time the area which could normally be sown with one *homer* of seed, this arithmetical relationship may be of untold value in enabling us to assess the economics of Assyrian agricultural holdings by reference to the many thousands of cuneiform business documents which relate to the issue of seed, the yields at the harvest and the size of plantations and orchards assessed by the same measure. The discovery of this Royal depot, and of a few tablets concerning the distribution of supplies, leads us to believe that not far away there may be a much larger archive in store, of a kind which might yield important information on the administration of the city's food supplies under the Neo-Assyrian Empire. This year, for the first time, we discovered (in room NW.14) an Aramaic ostrakon written in ink (Figs. 16, 17) with a register of Phœnician and Hebrew names, perhaps a ration list. Dr. J. B. Segal who deciphered this document noted such names as Hannanel, Hazael, Menahem and Haggai. Towards the end of the seventh century B.C. Calah was a thoroughly cosmopolitan town. The discovery of more informative Aramaic documents might well occur in other administrative offices in what was

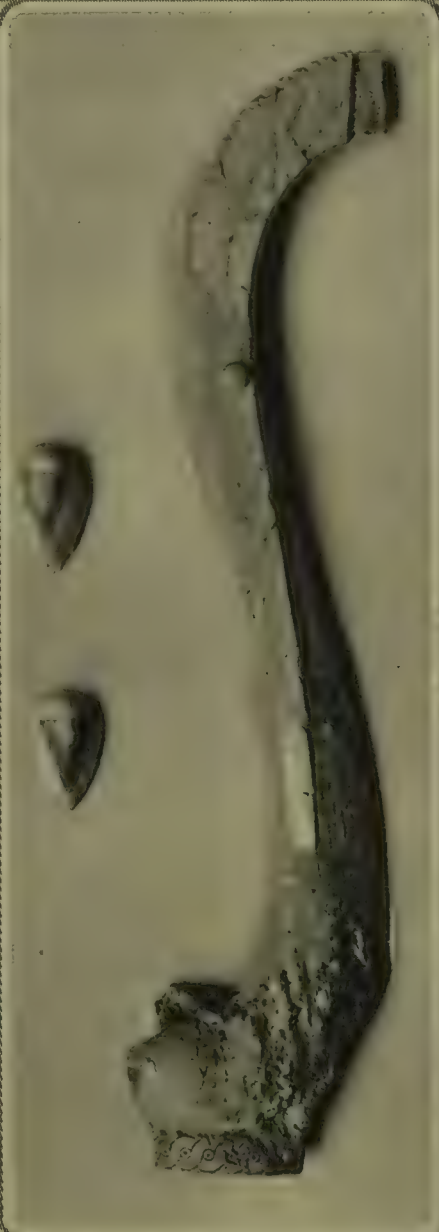


FIG. 15. "THE HEPPLEWHITE" OF ASSYRIA: AN IVORY LEG (PERHAPS OF A CHAIR) WITH TWO OF THE RED-STAINED CLAWS OF THE LION'S PAW WHICH FORMS THE FOOT. FROM "FORT SHALMANESER."

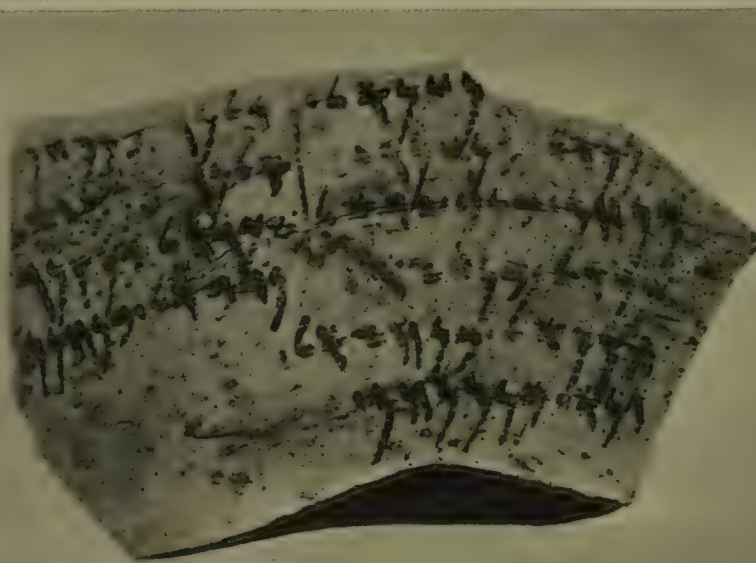


FIG. 16. THE FIRST DOCUMENT OF ITS KIND TO BE DISCOVERED IN NIMRUD: AN OSTRAKON WITH WRITING IN INK IN ARAMAIC GIVING A LIST OF NAMES.

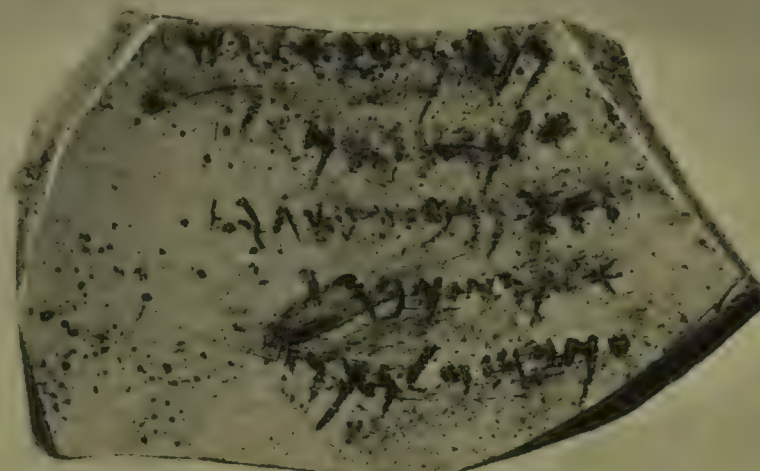


FIG. 17. THE REVERSE OF FIG. 16. THE NAMES GIVEN ARE PHœNICIAN AND HEBREW AND INCLUDE HANNANEL, HAZAEL, MENAHEM AND HAGGAI.

obviously once an important business centre for the storage and delivery of foodstuffs and many other commodities. Interesting as all these discoveries were, the richest fruits of Nimrud once again proved to be the ivories which will be illustrated in the next two issues of the paper. Their number, variety and location were extraordinary. (Full illustrations of these ivories, some of which are of a unique character, will appear with the continuation of Professor Mallowan's article in our issues of November 30 and December 7.)



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE U.S.A. THE NEW CANADA HOUSE WHICH IS BEING BUILT IN NEW YORK: AN ARCHITECT'S IMPRESSION. THE BUILDING IS EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETED BY 1958.

(Right.) ITALY. DURING SEVERE FLOODING IN THE PO DELTA: POLICE AND FIREMEN CARRYING WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO SAFETY AT PORTO TOLLE.

Some 5000 people were evacuated from their homes during the recent flooding in the Po delta. The evacuation was begun on November 10. To add to the floods from the River Po, the dyke on the Adriatic coast was breached. Thousands of acres of farmland were submerged, and one of the towns threatened with inundation was Porto Tolle. Fishing-boats, helicopters and Italian Navy units assisted in the evacuation of the area.



WEST GERMANY. TWO FERRY-BOATS WHICH RECENTLY RAN AGROUND NEAR GROSSENBOEDE: THREE WOMEN PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT. The railway ferry *Deutschland*, travelling from a Danish port, recently ran aground near Grossenboede, West Germany. A number of carriages—together with about fifty passengers—of the Copenhagen-Paris express were on board. Another ferry, *Schleswig-Holstein*, went to assist *Deutschland* but ran aground herself. At the time of writing, the first attempt to free the two craft had failed.



PORTUGAL. AFTER BEING IN DIFFICULTIES IN THE ATLANTIC: *PASSAT*, SISTER-SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED *PAMIR*, SAFE IN LISBON HARBOUR. The German training barque *Passat*, sister-ship of *Pamir* which recently foundered in mid-Atlantic with heavy loss of life, reached Lisbon safely on November 8 after having been in difficulties midway between the Portuguese coast and the Azores. *Passat* had sent out a distress signal which read: "Cargo partly shifted. Please stand by," but was able to cancel it soon afterwards.



AUSTRALIA. AFTER SYDNEY'S WORST WIND STORM FOR SEVERAL YEARS: A WRECKED HOUSE. THE STORM, WHICH OCCURRED ON NOV. 8 AND CAUSED GREAT DAMAGE, WAS FOLLOWED BY A HAILSTORM.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. BEING REARED IN CAPTIVITY AFTER BEING FOUND NEAR ITS DEAD MOTHER: A BABY AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT. A baby African bull elephant is being reared by the Head Warden of Wankie, Southern Rhodesia, after being found beside its dead mother near the boundary of the Reserve. It is claimed that, although baby Indian elephants have been reared successfully in captivity, the African variety have not. The baby elephant is about five months old.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. THE BABY ELEPHANT WITH A SMALL BOY: A PHOTOGRAPH GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE ELEPHANT'S SIZE.



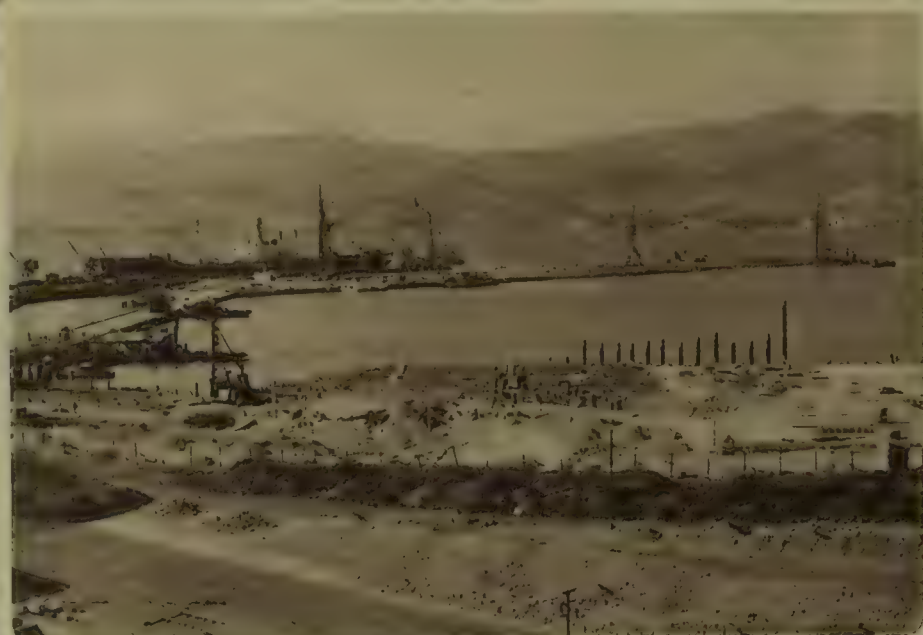
## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



PARIS. AT THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE OPENING OF THE N.A.T.O. PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE. The third annual conference of Parliamentarians from member countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation opened at N.A.T.O. headquarters in Paris on November 11. It was attended by some 190 Members of Parliament from the fifteen allied nations.



THE UNITED STATES. OFF THE FINAL ASSEMBLY LINE: AMERICA'S NEWEST COMMERCIAL AIRLINER, THE LOCKHEED *ELECTRA*, WHICH WILL CARRY 85 PASSENGERS. The United States' latest commercial airliner came off the assembly line at Burbank, California, on November 11. It is the Lockheed *Electra*, which is powered by four Allison 501 turboprop engines. Delivery of these aircraft, designed for medium-range operations, is scheduled to begin in the latter part of 1958.



TURKEY. NOW BEING GREATLY EXTENDED AND MODERNISED: THE PORT OF ALSANCAK, AT IZMIR, ON THE AEGEAN SEA. In addition to Turkey's present programme of hydro-electric development, she is modernising and extending many of her ports, including the two at Istanbul. Work on the port of Alsancak, at Izmir, seen in this photograph, should be completed next year.



BAHRAIN. AT A CEREMONY TO INITIATE WORK ON THE FINAL PHASE OF BUILDING A HARBOUR AT MANAMA: A CONCRETE PILE BEING LOWERED INTO PLACE. At the climax of Bahrain's development week, the Ruler attended a ceremony on November 10 to initiate the final phase of the construction of a £3,000,000 harbour project in Manama, the capital of this tiny State in the Persian Gulf. As he pressed the button to lower the first concrete pile, a British destroyer in the bay fired a salute. The aim of the harbour is to encourage the use of Bahrain as a trade centre.



ALGIERS. THE BODIES OF THE AMBUSHED SAHARA OIL TEAM, MASSACRED BY ALGERIAN TERRORISTS, ARRIVING IN ALGIERS BY AIR FOR MILITARY BURIAL. As reported in our last issue, a group of French oil engineers with a Foreign Legion escort was attacked on November 6 or 7 by a large group of terrorists, believed to be Muslim deserters from the French Army. The bodies of the sixteen victims were brought by air to Algiers for military burial. The other Sahara teams have been withdrawn until security can be guaranteed.



ALGIERS. THE REMEMBRANCE DAY PARADE ON NOVEMBER 11, WITH THE MINISTER, M. LACOSTE, AND GENERALS SALAN AND ALLARD, DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY. Remembrance Day, November 11, was celebrated with a large military parade in Algiers which was watched by thousands of North Africans. At one stage students and young settlers booed and shouted abuse as M. Lacoste, Minister for Algerian Affairs, drove past. Their slogan was: "Down with Lacoste! Down with Algerian reforms!"



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



**MEDJEZ-EL-BAB, TUNISIA.** THE MEMORIAL TO BRITISH TROOPS—THE DEDICATION OF WHICH WAS DELAYED BY FLOODS.

This memorial—to British troops killed in the North African campaign of 1942-43—was to have been dedicated on November 16, but the ceremony had to be postponed owing to the sudden and torrential rain which caused distinguished visitors to wade through swirling waters.



**BUSSUM, THE NETHERLANDS.** THE BLAZING DUTCH ARMY BARRACKS, INTO WHICH A U.S. FIGHTER CRASHED, KILLING FIVE DUTCH SOLDIERS.

On November 14 a *Super Sabre* jet fighter of the U.S.A.F. crashed into the grounds of a Dutch Army barracks at Bussum. Two buildings caught fire and five Dutch soldiers were killed and fifteen injured. The American pilot had bailed out and landed safely.



**AMMAN, JORDAN.** A DEPUTATION OF PALESTINE ARAB REFUGEES APPLAUDING KING HUSSEIN (RIGHT) WHEN THEY CALLED TO PROCLAIM THEIR LOYALTY TO THE REGIME. The anti-Jordan Press and radio campaign conducted in Egypt and Syria resulted in the statement by King Hussein, on November 13, that the rulers of Egypt and Syria were the "tools of international Communism." Refugees in Jordan had been prominent in both demonstrations against the régime and in protestations of loyalty.



**SEATTLE, U.S.A.** A CRATER CAUSED BY A BURST DEEP SEWER: A VAST HOLE WHICH HAS SWALLOWED A ROAD IN SEATTLE AND THREATENS SEVERAL HOUSES. This crater, caused by the bursting of a trunk sewer some 145 ft. underground, first appeared on November 11; and by November 15 had developed to a depth of 60 ft., a length of 200 ft. and a width of 120 ft. Fifty persons were evacuated from near-by homes.



**NEAR DUNKIRK, FRANCE.** A RAIL CRASH AT ESQUELBEC STATION, IN WHICH TWENTY PASSENGERS OF THE BASLE-DUNKIRK EXPRESS WERE INJURED.

On the night of November 11-12 four coaches of the Basle-Dunkirk express were derailed, perhaps by a split rail; and an engine coming in the opposite direction struck one of the coaches. Prompt action by a railwayman, who ran a mile swinging a red lamp, prevented the Paris-Dover boat-train ploughing into the wreckage.



**NEW DELHI, INDIA.** MOTORISED PICKETS IN A TAXI-STRIKE: A UNITED DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE NEW DELHI GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS BY OWNERS OF TAXIS, AUTORICKSHAWS AND MOTOR-CYCLE RICKSHAWS, AGAINST A GOVERNMENT DECISION.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE U.S.S.R. RECENTLY REPRODUCED IN THE RUSSIAN PRESS: A PHOTOGRAPH SAID TO BE OF LAIKA IN HER CYLINDRICAL CABIN BEFORE ENTERING SPUTNIK II.



THE U.S.S.R. CLAIMED TO SHOW A CLOSE-UP OF SPUTNIK II. THE BRIGHT PATCH IN THE PORT-HOLE (R.) IS PROBABLY LAIKA.

CLAIMED TO SHOW LAIKA AND SPUTNIK II: PHOTOGRAPHS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN RUSSIA.

*Laika*, the world's pioneer into space, stole the show from *Sputnik II*, but while the dog was eventually said by Russian scientists to be dead, the satellite continued to hurtle steadily round the earth. The anxiety and interest felt throughout the world by *Laika's* journey in space was heightened by the Russian authorities, who, about one week after the launching of *Sputnik II* on November 3, suppressed all official news

about the animal's progress. It was later announced by a number of Russian scientists that she had, in fact, died, and that the problem of safely returning an animal to earth from space had not yet been solved. It is claimed that the dog and the equipment in *Sputnik II* have enabled valuable information to be gathered—as described in the captions to a drawing of the second satellite elsewhere in this issue.





RUSSIA'S SECOND SPUTNIK: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING BASED ON RECENT INFORMATION IN PRAVDA.

Recent articles in the Moscow Press have given further details about the two earth satellites, and in *Pravda* five photographs and a diagram of the second satellite have been published. In our drawing, based on the information in *Pravda*, the different parts of the second satellite are as follows. (1) Stream-lined nose-cap used to protect the scientific instruments while passing up through the denser atmosphere, and jettisoned (as illustrated) when the satellite began to orbit; (2) Whip aerials; (3) Instruments registering ultraviolet and X-rays; (4) Various registering instruments and radio transmitters; (5) Tubular frame; (6) Hermetically sealed cabin for dog, registering gear, oxygen containers, etc.; (7) Rear end, with batteries and other equipment. The total weight is approximately half a ton. A notable feature of the *Pravda* diagram is that no device for catapulting the dog back to earth is shown, and

recently Russian scientists have stated that no provision for retrieving the dog was made. The second satellite appears to have been partly inspired by the orbiting of the rocket of the first satellite, and it has enabled experiments in the top layers of the atmosphere to be carried out which were previously unthinkable. These included measurements of solar short-wave radiation, cosmic radiation and the study of biological phenomena in space travel conditions. Radiation which occurs in space cannot be accurately measured at low altitudes because of atmospheric interference. The first satellite is expected to burn up in the earth's atmosphere some time at the beginning of January, but the second satellite is expected to have a longer life because of its greater altitude. The first Russian earth satellite was launched on October 4, and the second on November 3.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



ONE widespread reaction to the flight of the Russian earth-satellites has been the conviction that every nation capable of producing one ought to have it. This sentiment is natural in the United States because it is believed, on good evidence, that that nation has been outdistanced in a race in this field. At the same time the United States stands in a special position as the giant of the free—or, if you prefer it, the "capitalist"—world, over against Soviet Russia, the giant of the Communist world. Thus the Russian achievement has been regarded as a blow to American leadership, scientific abilities, and *amour propre*. It has also been looked upon as a stark threat to American power.

Here I am not speaking of the advancement of pure science. The exploration and study of outer space is in itself a fine aim, and it is natural that all who think they could should wish to contribute to it. Some pique that American science has been, at least temporarily, excelled by Russian has been an element in the dismay in the United States. This is not, however, the main element, which is a vague but very strong belief that the country has lost ground in the defence of its own territory and of the alliances to which it belongs. How far should such a consideration apply to Britain? Here is a subject worth discussing, bearing in mind

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITAIN AND THE MEANS OF POWER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

have exceptional contributions to make to peace and order in distant parts of the world. And, as Mr. Birch remarked, we have responsibilities which it would be ignominious and dangerous to run away from.

Were this country to undertake all the efforts in geophysical and nuclear research and experiment, coupled with all the defence of communications and the establishment of "fire brigades" in various parts of the world, theoretically desirable, the result would be bankruptcy and the collapse of the State's contribution to the welfare of the people. The Government has already launched a scheme of retrenchment in defence which many consider to err on the side of severity, and this without having moved far outside conventional means of war. I need not allude here to the stresses to which our economy is being subjected. I would, however, emphasise the point that the problem of living militarily within its means has been made, not easier, but more formidable for

view that, militarily, our first commitment must be the ability to defend our allies, friends, and interests on the seas and their coasts, without being driven to use weapons which are suicidal as well as unsuitable. I submit that the means to carry out this policy are conventional forces.

On the day of the conversation about "two first-class divisions in the Mediterranean" Admiral Wright, supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic (Saclant), spoke to parliamentarians at the N.A.T.O. conference in Paris. He told them that the Soviet Navy had held the seventh place in 1945, that it had risen to the second, and that it now stood first in new construction. It was, he said, bigger than all the other navies in the world combined, except that of the United States. He added that it possessed the biggest submarine fleet ever known in time of peace. In his view the object of this navy was "the isolation of North America from Europe."

He stated that the first method of defence against such a threat must be the power of the naval atomic forces under his command to attack the sources of Russian naval power. Here again is the familiar and, despite all that has happened, basically sound policy of the deterrent. Whether or not Britain should participate in that sort of



A MILITARY PARADE IN ANKARA IN HONOUR OF PRESIDENT GRONCHI OF ITALY: TANKS PASSING THE SALUTING-BASE IN A REVIEW ON NOVEMBER 13 DURING THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO TURKEY.

A large military parade in honour of President Gronchi of Italy was held in Ankara on November 13 during the four-day official visit to Turkey of the Italian President. According to a communiqué published at the end of the visit, Middle East and economic affairs were

important subjects which were discussed by President Gronchi and his hosts. Relations between Turkey and Italy have in recent years become increasingly friendly, and trade between the two countries has also been growing.

the fact that the sputniks concern defence only incidentally and as indications of aggressive power.

Two days ago a friend whose judgment I respect remarked to me: "From the practical point of view to-day, I'd rather have two first-class divisions and the etceteras in the Mediterranean than a sputnik in space." A down-to-earth verdict in every sense, and one which many will condemn as reactionary and unimaginative. There is, however, a good deal to be said for it. It is a balder version of the view of Mr. Nigel Birch: "If we do not have them (conventional weapons) and trouble comes in some out-of-the-way place, we shall either be forced to do nothing and run away from our responsibilities or to face the terrible alternative of using atomic weapons." Mr. Birch was speaking of his belief that mutual fear was a buckler against the ultimate evil of the hydrogen-bomb.

My friend was, I took it, using the word "sputnik" both for what it stands precisely and to cover the wider field of intercontinental missiles. I have more than once expressed doubts as to whether our entry into this realm would be justified at present. Our rôle in the world is still unique. We constitute the central station of a great Commonwealth. Our trading interests are more widely spread than those of any other nation. We

the nation by the advances of science. Think of our 1914 fleet of twenty-nine Dreadnoughts built with an income tax of 1s. 2d. in the pound.

It would in my opinion be incorrect to assert that Soviet Russia has complete freedom to devote such resources as her rulers desire to earth-satellites and intercontinental missiles. Even a dictatorship must, in the long run, have regard to raising the standard of living and comfort in a land where they are as low as in Russia. Yet by comparison with Britain Russia has far the greater freedom in priorities and timing. The cost of such products is stupendous when the side-avenues of research and development are taken into account. It is clear that they are being accorded high priority now. The effect may be, anyhow temporarily, lack of balance in the general economy. We cannot afford to compete on these lines.

We are already committed to secondary guided missiles of various types. We are deeply committed to the development of atomic energy for industry, an urgently needed support and reinforcement for our present economy. I am not going into detail of the things we can or cannot afford to do because I lack the knowledge necessary for such a task. I am trying to indicate, in broad terms, that our efforts must not lead to overstrain. At the same time, I am advancing the

defence, it is certain that she is called on to contribute heavily in convoy protection and keeping open the European trade terminals. Can we feel that we are up to the mark in this respect? At the same parliamentary meeting the military committee had prepared a report which stated that N.A.T.O. land forces were undergoing "disintegration" and criticised the British White Paper on defence. The grounds were that it failed to provide an adequate contribution to N.A.T.O. in Europe.

I would put forward as a general proposition that the weaker the conventional forces at the disposal of N.A.T.O.—and in lesser degree other defence pacts—the greater becomes the risk that they will fail to provide a cushion against wars waged with less desirable weapons. I would add that even if this weakness did not lead to such a war, it might very well invite the other side to institute a campaign of blackmail, once it felt itself to be predominant in both forms of war. My concern is that we should make the most useful contribution within our means to the alliances in which we are engaged as well as to the vital interests of the country and the Commonwealth. I may be called obscurantist, but if I am, then it is assuredly not because I am blind to the nature of thermo-nuclear war. No sane person can be that. There exist, however, other preferable possibilities of strife.



# THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO CORNWALL AND BRISTOL.



AT THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY'S WORKS IN BRISTOL: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT) IN THE INTERIOR OF A BRISTOL BRITANNIA.

DURING HIS VISIT TO CORNWALL ON NOVEMBER 14: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WIELDING A POWERFUL MONITOR HOSE AT THE MELBUR CLAY PIT.

ON November 14 the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to Cornwall. After being received at Penzance the Duke drove to the Geevor Tin Mine, where he inspected the workings and went 1500 ft. below ground. Later in the day the Duke visited the Melbur Clay Pit, and was shown how the china clay is washed from the sheer walls. On the following day the Duke of Edinburgh went to Yeovil, where he visited the works of Westland Aircraft, Ltd. During a flight in a Westland Widgeon helicopter he spent ten minutes at the controls. In the afternoon His Royal Highness visited the University of Bristol in connection with the International Geophysical Year. He toured the physics laboratory and the engineering department. Then the Duke went on to the works of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, Ltd., at Filton, and saw the *Britannias* in full production. Deteriorating weather prevented his flying to London Airport in the second long-range *Britannia* to be delivered to B.O.A.C.



AFTER INSPECTING THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA: THE DUKE WAVING TO THE ASSEMBLED AIRCRAFT WORKERS AT THE FILTON WORKS OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY.



IN THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT OF BRISTOL UNIVERSITY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SHOWING KEEN INTEREST IN AN EXPERIMENT DURING HIS VISIT ON NOVEMBER 15.



IN THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT AT BRISTOL UNIVERSITY: PROFESSOR C. F. POWELL (RIGHT) DESCRIBING THE FABRIC OF A BALLOON USED IN COSMIC RAY RESEARCH TO THE DUKE.



## A MONUMENT TO THE THREE DUMAS.

**"THREE MUSKETEERS: A Study of the Dumas Family." By ANDRÉ MAUROIS.\***

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS first dawned upon the public mind late in the 1914 war with "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" (in French "Les Silences"). The author was a liaison officer with the British, and his gay and penetrating chapters purported to record conversations in a Mess. It was beautifully translated into English—it was one of those books, like "Candide" and some of Anatole France's, which almost translate themselves into our tongue. After two books on kindred themes, he next made an impression in England with sketches of Shelley and Disraeli. The Shelley book was called "Ariel." It was very slight and entirely concerned with the person and his background; to the best of my recollection M. Maurois performed the remarkable feat of writing a book about a great poet without quoting a single line of his verse.

Anybody, at that time, might have supposed that M. Maurois was destined to remain, throughout his career, the author of short, witty, elegant character-sketches. Far from it: he now has forty volumes to his credit, and the longer he goes on, the bigger and solidier they are. The last book of his which I reviewed here (about four years ago) was a very large and impressive study of George Sand: it was concerned, as might be expected, more with the woman than with the artist, but it was extraordinarily acute, understanding, and illuminating. Now that is followed up by a book, of 500 pages, about Alexandre Dumas, his father and his son: and it is so good as biography, so lively as narrative, so sound as criticism and so generous in spirit, that I could have wished it twice as long. I conceive that M. Maurois first thought of writing about Alexandre, as he has written about other great European literary figures; and then couldn't resist the temptation of bringing in his astonishing father and his remarkable and famous son—who, I must say, was not at all like a Musketeer, whatever *père* and *grand-père* may have been like. The result is a sort of triptych, with Alexandre *père* filling, and amply filling, the large central panel, and his father and son modestly adjoined on wing-panels. I am sure that, in my memory, this book will linger as an almost Boswellian biography of Alexandre *père*, with relevant information about his parent and the best known of his numerous, or innumerable, progeny.

Dumas' father was a mulatto. The mulatto's father, whose family name was Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie, was "a one-time colonel and Commissaire-Général of artillery, came of a noble Norman family, and held the courtesy-title [we know what that means in English, but not what it means in France] of marquis. In 1760 he had decided to leave France for the West Indies, with the idea of trying his fortunes in San Domingo. He bought a plantation at the eastern extremity of the island, close to Cap Rose. There, on March 27, 1762, a son, to whom he gave the names of Thomas-Alexandre, was born to him by a black slave-girl, Cessette Dumas. Whether the mother was subsequently promoted to the position of a wife, we do not know for certain. Her grandson maintained that she was [romantic as he was about the French upper-classes, he obviously would]. The manners of the time, however, make such a marriage improbable. There are no documents in existence to prove that it ever took place, though there are none to prove that it did not"—proving a negative has always been a difficult

job! There are times when M. Maurois refers to Alexandre Dumas *père* as "the marquis de la Pailleterie": Dumas would have liked it, but it was all quite bogus. He was the son of a bastard mulatto; and let's face it.

The mulatto was a remarkable mulatto. In his portrait, prefaced to this volume, we see someone like a half-caste buccaneer, in Queen Anne's time, who had hiding-places in the Bahamas and scoured the Caribbean, raiding, robbing, and killing, without remorse. But there is a certain nobility, pride, and even gentleness, in his face; and, as for his uniform, it is extraordinarily neat and well-fitting, and, as for weapons, he has but



"THERE IS A CERTAIN NOBILITY, PRIDE, AND EVEN GENTLENESS, IN HIS FACE": THOMAS-ALEXANDRE, GENERAL DUMAS (1762-1806).



ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST STORY-TELLERS: THE CELEBRATED FRENCH NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT, ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÈRE (1803-70).



IN 1891 IN HIS LAST STUDY IN HIS APARTMENT IN THE RUE AMPÈRE: ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS (1824-95). From the collection of Madame Alexandre Sienkiewicz.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Three Musketeers: A Study of the Dumas Family"; by courtesy of the publisher, Jonathan Cape.

a sword in his right-hand and a scabbard on his left; and no array of pistols and daggers in his belt. He joined the revolutionary army, became engaged to an inn-keeper's daughter at Villers-Cotterets (once the scene of the Regent Orleans' orgies) and was told that he could marry the girl if he came back as a corporal. In a few months he came back as a colonel (and begat the author of "The Three Musketeers" apparently one of the few of his breed to be begotten in lawful wedlock) and then went back to the Army, in which, for all his black face and his whiskers, he became a general. He was with Napoleon in Egypt, on the way home was captured, put into prison in Italy, ill-treated and poisoned, and returned to France a complete wreck. He, poor mulatto, was a Republican and thought "the world's great age begins anew" for him and his kind. Napoleon had already decided on Kingship and Despotism. He was without gratitude,

remorse or pity; and Dumas, whom he had, because of a prodigious exploit, dubbed "the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol," was left, a dying man, without even a small pension.

From the innkeeper's daughter and this great swashbuckling mulatto, who swung his weapons about him like Friar John of the Funnels, sprang the author of "The Three Musketeers." He was huge, like his father, and was a cauldron of energy. He stamped into Paris like Pantagruel and, long before he produced the novels for which he is now famous all over the world (novels inspired by Scott, but taking far more liberties with history than Scott ever did, at least without acknowledgement), he achieved a great fame (now forgotten) in the French Theatre before he became famous as a novelist. Then came that tremendous Falstaffian career. He wrote 500 books. There was collaboration, of course, even in "The Three Musketeers"; but let it not be supposed that whatever scenarios and scenes were supplied to Dumas by his hacks that it wasn't he who reinforced them, and gave them life, and robust life at that.

Dumas said that he thought he had 500 children. Had he those it is improbable that even he, who said that he always paid everybody except his creditors, would have been able to do his duty to the women and children. But he couldn't

count anyhow. That side of his life is repugnant; but so much of a piece with the whole extravagant man that one reads about it as one reads about the habits of a giant in a fairy-tale. His gusto for everything was enormous; for eating, drinking, travelling and, above all, working. He went to Russia and wrote like this: "At Astrachan I did a little shooting along the Caspian, where wild geese, duck, pelicans and seals abound. They are as plentiful as wheat-eaters and bull-frogs are on the Seine. When I got back, I found an invitation from Prince Tumaine. He is a kind of Kalmuck king, having fifty thousand horses, thirty thousand camels, ten million sheep, and a charming wife of eighteen with slanting eyes and teeth like pearls. She speaks only Kalmuck. She brought to her husband as dowry fifteen hundred tents

with those who live in them (he has already ten thousand of his own). This dear prince has, in addition to his fifty thousand horses, thirty thousand camels, ten million sheep and eleven thousand five hundred tents, two hundred and seventy priests, some playing on the cymbals, others on the clarinet, some on seashells, others on trumpets twelve feet long."

When M. Maurois has seen Porthos to his grave he proceeds to the son. Dumas *fils* is a great contrast. In youth he had a period of dissipation (during which he met the sad original of "La Dame aux Camélias") but didn't like it, and ended as a stern, bitter, caustic moralist. M. Maurois' study of him is extremely good and graphic, but, in the nature of things, nothing like so racy as his account of the robust father.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 902 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

M. André Maurois was born at Elbeuf, France, in 1885. During World War I he was a liaison officer with the British forces. He is the author of a large number of books (many of which have been translated into English) which include "The Silence of Colonel Bramble," "Ariel," "The Life of Disraeli," "Byron," "Voltaire," "The Art of Living," "Call No Man Happy" and "Léila: The Life of George Sand."

\* "Three Musketeers: A Study of the Dumas Family." By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 35s.)



# RISKING A LIFE TO SAVE LIFE: A NEW AIR RESCUE TECHNIQUE SUCCESSFULLY TESTED IN THE U.S.A.



A TENSE MOMENT: HARRY CONWAY SITTING ON THE GROUND IN HIS SPECIAL HARNESS WAITING TO BE SNATCHED UP BY THE AIRCRAFT.



APPROACHING AT OVER 150 M.P.H.: THE AIRCRAFT FLASHING TOWARDS CONWAY, ITS ENGAGING MECHANISM AT THE READY.



RISKING HIS LIFE TO DEVELOP A RESCUE TECHNIQUE: CONWAY BEING VIOLENTLY JERKED INTO THE AIR DURING A SUCCESSFUL TEST ON NOVEMBER 11. THIS TECHNIQUE HAS BEEN DEVELOPED UNDER U.S. ARMY CONTRACT.



LEAVING THE GROUND AT GREAT SPEED: CONWAY, HIS CHIN WELL DOWN AND ELBOWS WELL TUCKED IN, HURTTLES AWAY AT THE END OF A NYLON ROPE.

A spectacular new air rescue technique, which may well help to save the lives of those trapped in otherwise unapproachable positions, has been developed by the All American Engineering Co. and was successfully tested at Sussex County Airport, Georgetown, Delaware. Knowing the great risk involved, Mr. Harry Conway offered himself as the "guinea pig," and was picked up



FLYING THROUGH THE AIR "WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE": CONWAY AT THE END OF THE NYLON ROPE BEING HAULED INTO THE AIRCRAFT'S CABIN.

three times from the runway by an aircraft travelling at over 150 m.p.h., and hauled into the cabin within three minutes. Sitting on the ground in a special harness, midway between two poles which support a nylon loop attached to the harness, the man is hauled into the air when an engaging mechanism below the tail of the aircraft hooks on to the nylon.





# NATURE'S WONDERLAND. SERIES II. NO. I: IS ARMOUR AN ADVANTAGE OR NOT?—SOME EXTINCT AND LIVING ANIMALS NATURALLY ARMoured FOR THE BATTLE OF SURVIVAL.

In all classes of animals, from the heavily-plated Great Indian rhinoceros to the bony sturgeon and spiny hedgehog, some are found which develop a form of armour. We are apt to assume that this gives special protection and that the possessor benefits thereby, but, on the whole, the species boasting heavy armour seem to be less adaptable than those relying upon agility or natural stratagems to protect them from enemies. When we speak of animals being armoured (and even Kipling records that he never saw "an Armadillo dillying in his armour"), we are clearly making a comparison with protective measures used in human warfare. This comparison, though

a natural one, is apt to lead to mistaken ideas. To look at a suit of mediæval armour suggests that the steel-clad knight had all the advantages over the lightly-clad foot-soldier. Therefore, when we turn to animals, we take it as a matter of course that an animal with its body encased in an armour thereby stands a greater chance of survival in life. Were that so, then by the laws of natural selection, we should by now have arrived at a situation in which the great majority of animals were armoured. In fact, this has not happened. If we turn back again to human history, it is easy to see two reasons why the wearing of a heavy armour is not the advantage we too

readily assume it to be. The first is that as soon as a protective device is invented, an offensive weapon is discovered that will penetrate it. The second is that a heavy armour limits movement, and the wearer must sacrifice manoeuvrability for the doubtful advantages of a static defence. There are examples of armoured animals which have survived long in time such as crocodiles, tortoises, sturgeons and bony pikes. On the other hand, the fossil record is littered with the remains of "Maginot-minded," elaborately-armoured species. One of the first reasons for this is that climatic changes, shortages of food, disease and other such factors are markedly more lethal

to individuals and to species than are enemies in the form of predators. The second reason recalls a number of occasions in human history when lightly-clad troops have triumphed over heavy armour by force of ease in manoeuvre. The moment a naturalist abandons a traditional line of thought, he has to marshal very strong arguments to carry his point. In this instance not enough is known of the lives of a sufficient number of armoured animals to be able to generalise with safety. It may be possible to say, nevertheless, that however heavily armoured an animal may be, it has its Achilles' heel, and natural enemies tend to find this quickly.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



## SOLAR AND ATOMIC POWER IN HUGE AND TINY DOSES.



**TAPPING THE POWER OF THE SUN FOR TELECOMMUNICATIONS: CHECKING AN EXPERIMENTAL SOLAR BATTERY.**

In this installation, at Newbury, Berks, a range of photo-electric cells is being used to charge a battery which powers an unattended repeater—an experimental development by British Telecommunications Research Ltd. Even in dull weather such batteries can work transistorised equipment.



**THE NUCLEAR CLOUD OF THE BRITISH "NUCLEAR WEAPON" EXPLODED HIGH OVER THE CENTRAL PACIFIC ON NOVEMBER 8. IT WAS DROPPED BY A VICKERS VALIANT AIRCRAFT.**

On November 8 a British "nuclear weapon" believed to be in the megaton range—i.e., the equivalent of 1,000,000 tons of T.N.T.—was exploded over the Pacific, having been dropped by aircraft. On November 12 the Prime Minister announced in the House that there would be no further British H-bomb tests in the immediate future. In all the four British explosions of this year, it is said, the radioactive fall-out has been negligible.

## A DARING BANK ROBBERY; AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



**SCENE OF A GELIGNITE ROBBERY OF OVER £25,000: THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK IN HOUNSLOW HIGH STREET, WITH POLICE ON GUARD.**

On the night of November 14-15, bank-robbers, using gelignite, blasted open the strong-room at the National Provincial Bank in High Street, Hounslow, Middlesex, and escaped with cash and jewellery to the value of more than £25,000. The noise of the explosion was expertly muffled.



**A LONG LOAD FOR THE DOVER ROAD: A 105-FT.-LONG DEPROPANISER TOWER FOR THE ISLE OF GRAIN REFINERY OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY. THE WEIGHT OF THE LOAD WAS 63 TONS AND ITS DIAMETER 6 FT.**



**A NEW SWEDISH LIGHTWEIGHT, LONG-RANGE RECOILLESS ANTI-TANK GUN. ITS WEIGHT, INCLUDING THE CARRIAGE, IS BETWEEN 330 AND 386 LB., AND WITHOUT CARRIAGE 176 LB. ONLY. THE CALIBRE IS 9-CM.**



**A PLEASING AND FAMILIAR TURN-OUT IN THE WEST END OF LONDON: THE ROTHMANS' PAIR AND THEIR LIVERIED DRIVER IN PALL MALL.**

The famous tobacco firm of Rothmans opened in 1890 in a small gas-lit shop in Pall Mall. Since then the firm has expanded until it has seven factories in four continents; and the original premises at No. 5a, Pall Mall are swallowed up in the new Carlton Hotel rebuilding scheme.



**NEW PALL MALL PREMISES AFTER NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS: THE NEW SHOWROOM OF ROTHMAN'S OF PALL MALL, WHICH WAS TO BE OPENED ON NOVEMBER 21.**





THE WRECKAGE OF THE HUGE SOLENT FLYING-BOAT WHICH CRASHED IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WITH RESCUE WORKERS LOOKING FOR THE VICTIMS.



ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE SOLENT CRASH BEING LIFTED OUT OF THE HELICOPTER WHICH TOOK HIM FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT TO SALISBURY.



THE HUGE TAIL UNIT OF THE FLYING-BOAT, THE ONLY PART OF THE AIRCRAFT TO SURVIVE THE HOLOCAUST WHICH FOLLOWED THE CRASH.

**THE ISLE OF WIGHT "HOLIDAY" FLYING-BOAT DISASTER: A CRASH IN WHICH AT LEAST FORTY-FIVE PERSONS WERE KILLED.**

At 11.10 p.m. on November 15, a *Solent* flying-boat of Aquila Airways, carrying fifty passengers and a crew of eight *en route* from Southampton to Madeira via Lisbon, crashed into a chalk-pit on an Isle of Wight farm. Shortly before the crash the flying-boat had radioed that she was returning to Southampton with an engine out of action. Troops from a night exercise near by and rescue workers were soon on the scene; and largely owing to the heroism of two

officers and a senior N.C.O. of the Junior N.C.O.s School, R.A.S.C., fifteen survivors were rescued from the blazing wreckage. Of these survivors two later died in hospital; and at the time of writing the death-roll was forty-five. Among the passengers were three honeymoon couples. In February this year Aquila Airways were able to make the proud boast that not a single passenger had been injured in eight years of operations.



# RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



A NEWCOMER TO MADAME TUSSAUD'S IN LONDON: MISS MARILYN MONROE, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN FILM ACTRESS, SEEN IN A WAX-MODEL MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND HER KNOWN MEASUREMENTS.



STANDING ON THE DECK OF *TITANIC*: A FIFTEEN-MONTH-OLD GIRL ON BOARD A 40-FT.-LONG MODEL OF THE ILL-FATED LINER BUILT AT IVER FOR THE FILM "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER." THIS FILM, ABOUT THE LOSS OF *TITANIC*, IS BEING MADE AT PINWOOD STUDIOS.



AFTER HIS GREAT ACHIEVEMENT: LITTLE DENNIS WALKER, A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD APPRENTICE, WEIGHING UNDER FIVE STONE, WHO WON THE £6352 MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP ON MR N. COHEN'S *CHIEF BARKER* ON NOVEMBER 16. D. W. WALKER, WHOSE MOUNT WON BY A SHORT HEAD FROM *SPACEMAN*, IS JUST OVER 4 FT. TALL.



AT THE R.A.F. INSTITUTE OF AVIATION MEDICINE AT FARNBOROUGH: SCIENTISTS TESTING A NEW MINIATURE LIFE-RAFT WITH A BABY IN IT.



ON HER GREAT SHOW-JUMPING CHAMPION HORSE WHICH DIED ON NOVEMBER 2: MISS PAT SMYTHE WITH HER FAMOUS *PRINCE HAL*.

Miss Pat Smythe's show-jumping champion horse *Prince Hal*, which was loved by millions of people, died on November 2 at the age of fifteen. He caught a chill at the Brighton Show in August and developed complications. The partnership of Miss Smythe and *Prince Hal* began in 1951 and they won victories all over the world.



FOR TESTING THE PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS THAT ARISE IN HIGH-SPEED FLYING: THE ACCELERATION MACHINE AT FARNBOROUGH.



AT FARNBOROUGH: AN OFFICER AT THE EMERGENCY CONTROLS OF THE ACCELERATION MACHINE WATCHING THE "PILOT'S" REACTIONS (IN COCKPIT, BACKGROUND).

British scientists are studying the physiological and psychological problems that arise in high-speed and high-altitude flying at the R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine at Farnborough. Also being tested is a cot which keeps a baby safely afloat should an aircraft "ditch" in the sea.





IN THE EXHIBITION AT "THE HIGHWAY NEEDS OF GREAT BRITAIN" CONFERENCE: A MODEL OF THE CROMWELL ROAD EXTENSION SCHEME. The Minister of Transport opened this three-day conference at the Institute of Civil Engineers on November 13. A feature of the conference was an exhibition illustrating some of the main problems in the construction of new roads in this country.



TO BE COMPLETED IN ABOUT A YEAR: THE NEW BRIDGE, CLOSE TO THE CASTLE, OVER THE RIVER AT CONWAY, CAERNARVONSHIRE, UNDER CONSTRUCTION. Work on the new Conway bridge was begun in 1955 but the problem of finding a new route for heavy traffic through this mediaeval Welsh town has not yet been finally solved. The new bridge will replace the single-lane suspension bridge built by Thomas Telford in 1826.



STUDENTS IN THE PORTRAIT PAINTING CLASS AT THE BYAM SHAW SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING WHICH HAS LAUNCHED AN APPEAL FOR £20,000. THERE ARE SOME SEVENTY PUPILS AT THIS INDEPENDENT SCHOOL.



OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL DURING A TEA BREAK: PUPILS OF ALL AGES AT THE BYAM SHAW SCHOOL, KENSINGTON, WHICH WAS FOUNDED BY BYAM SHAW AND REX VICAT COLE IN 1910. The Byam Shaw School, which is run by practising artists and preserves the atmosphere of the studio, is one of the last independent art schools in London. Increased costs have put the future of the school in peril and at a reception in October an Appeal was launched to raise the £20,000 needed to ensure its survival. Contributions to the Byam Shaw School Appeal may be sent to Lloyds Bank, 50, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11



AT THE BUILDING EXHIBITION ON NOVEMBER 14: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE NIGERIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER, TOURING THE NIGERIAN STAND. The Building Exhibition, which continues at Olympia until November 27, was visited by the Queen on November 14. This large exhibition is held every two years and provides a wide survey of progress and developments in the building industry. Further photographs of the exhibition appear on page 899.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE BUILDING EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: THE QUEEN WATCHING AN APPRENTICE BUILDING A BRICK FIREPLACE. THIS YEAR THE EXHIBITION CELEBRATES ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY AT OLYMPIA.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MISSING AFTER A FIRE AT HIS HOME:  
SIR DAVID MONCREIFFE.

Sir David Moncreiffe, thirty-five-year-old tenth baronet and twenty-third feudal baron of Moncreiffe, was missing after a fire which gutted his home, Moncreiffe House, Bridge of Earn, near Perth, on November 17. Sir David's sister escaped, but he was last seen at about midnight in the library on the second floor. Twelve dogs, which he may have been trying to rescue, died in the fire.



THE MEMBERS OF THE BANK RATE "LEAK" TRIBUNAL OF INQUIRY: (L. TO R.) LORD JUSTICE PARKER, THE CHAIRMAN, MR. E. MILNER HOLLAND, Q.C., AND MR. G. VEALE, Q.C.

On November 13 the Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons that he had decided to set up a Tribunal of Inquiry into allegations of a leakage of the intention to increase the Bank Rate on September 19. Mr. Macmillan stated that Mr. Thorneycroft, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Oliver Poole, Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation, should be given the opportunity to rebut the attacks made on them in connection with the Bank Rate leakage. The Home Secretary later announced the composition of the Tribunal.



APPOINTED COMMANDANT OF THE  
IMPERIAL DEFENCE COLLEGE:  
GENERAL SIR G. BOURNE.

General Sir Geoffrey K. Bourne, at present C.-in-C. Middle East Land Forces, has been appointed to succeed Admiral Sir Guy Russell as Commandant of the Imperial Defence College with effect from January next. General Bourne, who took over from General Keightley in Nicosia last January, was G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command, 1953, and G.O.C. Malaya, 1954-56.



NEW C.I.D. HEAD FOR BRIGHTON:  
DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR W. T. CAVEY.

Detective-Inspector William Thomas Cavey, head of Exeter C.I.D., has been appointed Superintendent in charge of the C.I.D. at Brighton, where the police force is being investigated by Scotland Yard. Detective-Inspector Cavey, who is forty-two, takes control of the department in place of Detective-Superintendent Gwyn Williams, who is on sick leave and reported to be seriously ill from mental exhaustion.



TO RETIRE NEXT YEAR: A SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNOUNCEMENT BY FIELD  
MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN.

On November 17, his seventieth birthday, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery announced that next September he would retire from his N.A.T.O. appointment as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and would withdraw from active employment in the British Army. On the day of his retirement, Sept. 20, he will have completed fifty years' commissioned service in the Army.



APPOINTED C.-IN-C. MIDDLE EAST:  
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROGER BOWER.

Lieut.-General Sir Roger Bower, lately General Officer Commanding Malaya Command, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces from next January. General Bower, who is fifty-four, was G.O.C. East Anglian District from 1952-55 and was then appointed Chief of Staff to the C.-in-C., Allied Forces, Northern Europe, until May 1956, when he went to Malaya.



RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LONDON: THE NEW-BRAZILIAN  
AMBASSADOR, SENHOR ASSIS CHATEAUBRIAND.

The new Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Francisco de Assis Chateaubriand Bandeira de Mello, known throughout Brazil as "Chato," arrived in London on November 15. Senhor Assis Chateaubriand, who is sixty-six, is a journalist, a newspaper proprietor, a businessman and a sincere publicist of Brazil.



PRESIDENT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA:  
THE LATE MR. A. ZAPOTOCKY.

Mr. Antonin Zapotocky, who had been President of Czechoslovakia since 1953, died in Prague on November 13, aged seventy-two. He was an early member of the Czech Communist Party, founded in 1921, and became a Member of Parliament and was active in Trade Union affairs. Arrested by the Germans in 1939, he spent the war in a concentration camp. In 1948 he became Prime Minister.



NEW GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN  
NIGERIA: SIR GAWAIN BELL.

Mr. Gawain Bell was received in audience by the Queen on November 1 and kissed hands upon his appointment as Governor of the Northern Region of Nigeria. Her Majesty conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood (K.C.M.G.). Sir Gawain, who was educated at Winchester and Oxford, was appointed to the Sudan Civil Service in 1931. His last appointment was as Political Agent, Kuwait.



APPOINTED TO BE GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND:  
COLONEL SIR HENRY ABEL SMITH.

Colonel Sir Henry Abel Smith, who is fifty-seven, has been appointed Governor of Queensland in succession to Lieut.-General Sir John Lavarack, whose term of office ended on September 30 last. Sir Henry married Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, in 1931.



# FROM WASHINGTON TO MOSCOW: NEWS FROM AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GREECE, AT A RECEPTION IN ATHENS ON NOVEMBER 10 IN HONOUR OF THE LEBANESE PRESIDENT DURING HIS VISIT TO GREECE.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER A MEETING LASTING NEARLY FIFTY MINUTES: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN (RIGHT) WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

At the end of his two-weeks' lecture tour in the U.S.A., Mr. Bevan spent some fifty minutes talking with President Eisenhower at the White House on Nov. 12. Mr. Bevan's visit has been the subject of criticism in the American Press.



AT A CELEBRATION TO MARK HIS SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY: MR. NEHRU AT NATIONAL STADIUM, NEW DELHI, WHERE HE RELEASED 68 WHITE PIGEONS. At National Stadium, New Delhi, on his 68th birthday (Nov. 14), Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, released sixty-eight white pigeons, symbolising India's desire for peace, at a birthday ceremony, which was attended by large crowds of schoolchildren.



THE ARRIVAL OF GHANA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT ACCRA: LORD LISTOWEL IS GREETED BY THE ACTING GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR ARKU KORSAH.

Lord Listowel was ceremonially welcomed at Accra when he arrived by air on November 12 to take up his appointment as Governor-General of Ghana. He was greeted by the acting, and out-going, Governor-General, Sir Arku Korsah, and afterwards met Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister.



AT A CEREMONY CONNECTED WITH THE BUILDING OF A NEW HARBOUR IN BAHRAIN: THE RULER PRESSES A BUTTON TO SET IN MOTION A PILE-LOWERING MACHINE.

On November 10, at the climax of Bahrain's development week, the Ruler attended a ceremony to initiate the final phase of the building of a harbour for ocean-going vessels at Manama. The Ruler's guests included the C.-in-C., East Indies Squadron (on his left in the photograph), and the British Political Resident in the Persian Gulf States (on his right). Another photograph of this event appears elsewhere in this issue.



AT A RECENT RECEPTION IN MOSCOW DURING HIS VISIT TO RUSSIA: THE EGYPTIAN MINISTER OF WAR AND C.-IN-C. OF THE ARMED FORCES, MAJOR-GENERAL ABDUL HAKIM AMER, WITH MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT) AND MR. BULGANIN.



AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: THE CROWN PRINCE OF THE YEMEN, SAIF AL ISLAM MOHAMMED ALBADR, WITH MR. MACMILLAN.

The Crown Prince of the Yemen, on a ten-day visit to Britain, visited Mr. Macmillan on November 14, after lunching with the Foreign Secretary. On the same day, he was received by the Queen. The Crown Prince was to discuss the question of the frontier between the Yemen and the Aden Protectorate while in this country.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### AN AUSTRIAN COLLECTION OF CANTON ENAMELS.

A COLLECTION of more than 200 pieces of Canton enamels formed, I am told, by an Austrian diplomat long resident in Peking and much of it acquired before the Boxer Rebellion can now be browsed over with much pleasure and profit at Spink and Son. At a guess, and without counting up, I should say the emphasis is on European-inspired designs rather than on Chinese. I may as well confess that I am a bit of a prig and prefer the latter, but that is neither here nor there; it is a fascinating series, with some splendid pieces in each category. This sort of enamel painting on copper came late to the Chinese, who had long been expert in *cloisonné* but who apparently saw little point in imitating porcelain in what to them seemed a clumsy material—a material, moreover, which was neither translucent nor resonant. The more old-fashioned connoisseurs, in spite of Imperial patronage, never quite threw off this prejudice. Indeed, one disdainful old gentleman went on record as saying it was fit only for the women's apartments; he would no doubt have applauded the dictum of a noble lord in England who recently declared that the Upper House was no place for women. French Jesuit missionaries introduced the craft from Europe at the end of the seventeenth century, and it is hardly an exaggeration to assert that these enamels are as much a tribute to the knowledge and skill of these devoted, clever men, as are the famous bronze astrolabes which still stand, I believe, on the wall of the Tartar city at Peking.

The Emperor K'ang Hsi established a workshop at Peking in 1713 and one of the Jesuit

decoration for the export market, and much of this painting was of the highest quality. The designs on eggshell porcelain plates are often identical with those painted on copper, so that it is reasonable to assume that the same decorators worked on both materials. But though the enamels used were the same, and the painting on copper was frankly designed to imitate that on porcelain, the results are different. On porcelain the coloured enamels remain on the surface; on

scene and then dealing with Europeans as he observed them with his own eyes. I have not been able to identify the print which he has used for the landscape of Fig. 2—it was presumably one of the dozens of Dutch or Flemish engravings which were produced in such great numbers at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The houses, the churches, the figures are all obviously of the West, and yet no one could mistake the handling for anything but Chinese, any more than one could suggest that a painting of Macao by George Chinnery was not English; or that a Chinese fantasy by Boucher or Pillement was not French. All men may be brothers but there are some things they see with different eyes. So it is here, for even though the painter has surely worked with the original engraving before him, the vision remains Chinese. This is one of two dishes, each as competent as the other and remarkable for the extraordinary delicacy of the drawing.



(FIG. 1.) "A GREAT RARITY" IN THE COLLECTION OF CANTON ENAMELS AT SPINK AND SON, 5, KING STREET: A BOWL, DECORATED OUTSIDE WITH VARICOLOURED FORMAL FLOWER-HEADS ON A DELICATE GREEN GROUND AND BEARING THE FOUR-CHARACTER MARK OF THE EMPEROR K'ANG HSI. (Diameter, 6 ins.)

Fig. 3—the pretty little idyll of the pensive young European in the tricorne hat and the girl and the basket of fruit beneath the bough and wilderness surely paradise enow and all that—is so delightful that I hereby renounce my prejudice in favour of the more recondite legendary themes; what are bearded sages contemplating infinity compared to so charming a picnic? But apart from sentiment, this is a minor triumph, its imitation of the finest eggshell porcelain decoration extending to a ruby back. The broad border has four groups of peaches against a hexagonal pattern brocade ground. The two figures are beautifully placed against a white background beneath the branches of a fir tree.

Some very striking pieces are three or four large plaques reproducing in the gayest possible colours European landscapes—again unconsciously translated into the Chinese idiom—and even more surprising (because no one seems to have come across such pieces before), two



(FIG. 2.) "THE CHINESE DECORATOR COPING WITH A EUROPEAN SCENE": A CANTON ENAMEL DISH DECORATED WITH A EUROPEAN LANDSCAPE IN FAMILLE ROSE COLOURS. (Diameter, 15 ins.)

fathers reported, six years later, that the Chinese painters there had made considerable progress. There are numerous records, too, of other and secular contacts—e.g., in 1734 the Dutch East India Company commissioned Cornelius Pronk to produce designs for Chinese porcelains.

It has been suggested that it is possible to make a clear distinction between enamels painted at Peking and the vast quantity painted at Canton during the eighteenth century, but the evidence—if it can be called evidence rather than a supposition that a palace workshop would probably turn out superior work—does not seem wholly convincing. Canton was the great centre for porcelain

copper they tend to sink into the opaque white enamel ground. There is no difficulty in distinguishing between the two, though they seem much the same to the eye of the camera; the human eye can hardly make a mistake, nor could a blind man with only his sense of touch to guide him. Whatever distinction there may be between the enamels of Peking and those of Canton, the use of the latter name to describe all this "foreign porcelain," as the Chinese called it, is so firmly established that to suggest any alteration would only lead to confusion.

It has not been easy to choose a few pieces from this collection which would give some idea of its range and quality. To begin with, there are two which are wholly Chinese in feeling.

Fig. 1—a great rarity, and as near as possible to a bowl in the British Museum—is painted pale blue in the interior and bears the mark of K'ang Hsi on the base. The exterior is painted with formal flower-heads in various colours on a delicate green ground. Then there is a jardinière decorated in characteristic *famille rose* colours and with those fairy-tale scenes of sages and their attendants amid trees and rocks and rivers which were such favourite subjects with both porcelain painters and workers in lacquer and carvers of jade.

The other two photographs here show the Chinese decorator first coping with a European



(FIG. 3.) A CANTON ENAMEL RUBY-BACKED PLATE DECORATED WITH A YOUNG EUROPEAN AND A YOUNG WOMAN OUT FOR A PICNIC: ALSO FROM THE COLLECTION AT SPINK'S ABOUT WHICH FRANK DAVIS WRITES THIS WEEK. (Diameter, 8½ ins.)

small plaques, one of cows, the other of hounds, which look as if they were derived from prints after Paul Potter or someone of that calibre. These are the most un-Chinese objects in the whole collection; for once in a way the decorator has copied his original literally. A few bowls would seem to belong to the early years of the nineteenth century—it is curious how the drawing coarsens, the yellows become buttery, the greens raucous after the turn of the century, but by far the greater part is a delight to see and to handle. It will be a very long time, I should imagine, before a collection of comparable range is seen in London.



# A WILLIAM BLAKE BICENTENARY EXHIBITION; AND PAINTINGS AT THE SABIN GALLERIES.



"THE FINDING OF MOSES": A WATER-COLOUR AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOUR IN THE NEW WILLIAM BLAKE TRUST PUBLICATION, "WILLIAM BLAKE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE BIBLE."

JUST 200 years ago —on Nov. 28, 1757—William Blake, artist, poet and mystic, was born in Soho. To mark his bicentenary the William Blake Trust has arranged an exhibition of "Blake's Bible Illustrations and Facsimiles of his Illustrated Books," which is to be seen at the National Book League, 7, Albemarle Street, until Dec. 14. These have been published for the Trust by the Trianon Press, and the two water-colours shown here are from their latest publication—"William Blake's Illustrations to the Bible"—a catalogue compiled by Sir Geoffrey Keynes (distributed by Collins, at 26 gns). This superbly produced book is shown at the exhibition, together with a selection of facsimiles of other books, including "The Book of Urizen," which is to be published early in 1958.



"THE THIRD TEMPTATION": ANOTHER OF BLAKE'S BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED IN THIS NEW VOLUME, WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE BICENTENARY EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE.

THE "Exhibition of English 18th-Century and Other Paintings," at the Sabin Galleries, 4, Cork Street, contains three works by Joseph Wright, of Derby, including the striking "Edwin" shown here. The sitter for this work was Thomas Hayden, the handsomest young man in Derby, and before completing the painting Wright consulted Dr. Beattie, the author of the successful poem, "The Minstrel," and then incorporated some of his suggestions, though he could not "find room" for the Harp which Beattie had apparently requested. The exhibition also includes portraits by Gainsborough, Hogarth, Reynolds and Highmore, and landscape paintings by Paul Sandby, Richard Wilson, Anthony Devis and George Morland.



"LOTTERY WITH JEM MASON UP AND MR. JOHN ELMORE," BY J. F. HERRING, SENIOR. LOTTERY IS SHOWN WITH HIS JOCKEY AND OWNER ON THE AINTREE COURSE, WHERE HE WON THE FAMOUS GRAND NATIONAL OF 1839, THE YEAR WHEN THIS WORK WAS PAINTED. (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 26 ins.)



"EDWIN," BY JOSEPH WRIGHT, A.R.A., OF DERBY (1734-1797). EDWIN WAS THE HERO OF DR. THOMAS BEATTIE'S POEM, "THE MINSTREL," PUBLISHED IN 1771, AND THIS WORK WAS SHOWN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1778, THE FIRST YEAR THAT WRIGHT EXHIBITED THERE. (Oil on canvas; 63 by 46 ins.)



"A VIEW ON THE HARTFORD ROAD, 5 MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA": ONE OF A PAIR BY THOMAS BIRCH (1779-1851), WHO WAS BORN IN LONDON AND SETTLED IN AMERICA IN 1793. SIGNED AND DATED 1817. (Oil on panel; 11½ by 16½ ins.)



"A VIEW NEAR PHILADELPHIA": THE SECOND OF THE PAIR BY THOMAS BIRCH. THESE AND THE WRIGHT AND THE HERRING ARE IN A CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE SABIN GALLERIES. (Oil on panel; 11½ by 16½ ins.)





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### STEPHANOTIS: A NOSTALGIC FLUTTER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ON a morning in late October my wife and I took breakfast with a near neighbour, in order to meet friends of our hostess who were passing through. Now I somehow feel that "took" is the appropriate verb for so eighteenth-century a practice as going out to breakfast. One does not take lunch or dinner, though perhaps one may take a dish of tea with a neighbour. But I feel very sure that in the rare case of an invitation to breakfast one "takes" that pleasant meal. In the end, just before the party broke up, the conversation turned to racing, and especially to an important race which, I gathered, was to take place later in the day.

Knowing nothing about racing beyond having a pound on the Derby each year, and another on the Grand National, preferably on some outsider with a comic name, at nice, juicy odds, I listened with respectful awe to the after-breakfast racing chatter. Then suddenly the name *Stephanotis* cropped up. Had the conversation turned to gardening? Not on your life. *Stephanotis*, I gathered, was the name of a horse which was to run that afternoon. But instantly my mind jumped back fifty years and more to the "stove" greenhouse in the garden of my boyhood's home, and to the grand old specimen of *Stephanotis* which climbed and was trained out on wires close to the glass. I thought back to the profuse clusters of heavily-scented, waxy-white blossoms which my beloved mother used to gather endlessly to give and to send away to friends. I do not think I have ever known any plant which gave such pleasure to giver and receivers as that old specimen of *Stephanotis floribunda*.

Well, that surely is the best sort of name to back if you know as little about horse-racing as I do. So I asked one of the experts present to put 5s. on *Stephanotis* for me—for a win. Then I went home and pored over the racing news to find out in what race my *Stephanotis* was running that day. It was the Cambridgeshire, which, I gathered, was quite an important race. But none of the racing experts wrote with any optimism about my fancy; in fact, they scarcely mentioned the horse. Excellent! And the odds—I think that is the term—were quoted at 18 to 1. Better still! I would have preferred 50 to 1, but no matter. One should not be grasping in these things. That evening I just remembered to turn on the wireless for the six o'clock news, and blow me down, if they did not announce that *Stephanotis* had come in first. But, of course, that was only to be expected of a horse named after a plant whose climbing shoots grow at such a terrific pace as those of *Stephanotis*. And how fortunate that I only backed *Stephanotis* for such a paltry sum as 5s. If I had made it £50 the poor creature would inevitably have fallen down in a Pompadour—or maybe a canary—fit in the last furlong.

That "stove" greenhouse must, I think, have been a sore trial to our gardener of those days. It was the one house in which, on account of excessive heat, he could not grow his beloved chrysanthemums. In the adjoining cool house he grew each year four vast specimen pompon chrysanthemums, on which he spent hours and hours, training them out on huge wire frames till they looked like vast coloured parasols 6 or 8 ft. across. These he carted, at great expense—to

my father—to the Westminster Aquarium and the Crystal Palace, where he invariably reaped rich rewards, until my father put a stop to the silly nonsense. Who but a wilful head gardener wants a 6- or 8-ft. parasol of small blossoms set as close together as they will go. Gather one blossom and the whole effect is ruined. And what can one do with the damn things—except send them to the Crystal Palace, and, even so, one could hardly decently leave them there.

But from that cool greenhouse, next door to the abode of *Stephanotis*, a most important plant

That wilful, wicked mule refused to follow the instructions. He grew the *Smilax*, rather starved, in pots, standing on the staging in the cool greenhouse. I can visualise the sorry sight to this day. The rather poor, grudging strands of *Smilax* hung down from the front of the staging, and then, finding no strings to climb, they turned round and started climbing feebly up their own stems. But a little earlier than the time when I knew our pathetic specimens of *Smilax*, my mother gave specimens of the plant to a market grower at Finchley, or somewhere in that neighbourhood. He was a prosperous and enterprising grower, with fine ranges of greenhouses. He accepted not only the *Smilax* plants, but the American instructions for growing, with real interest and enthusiasm.

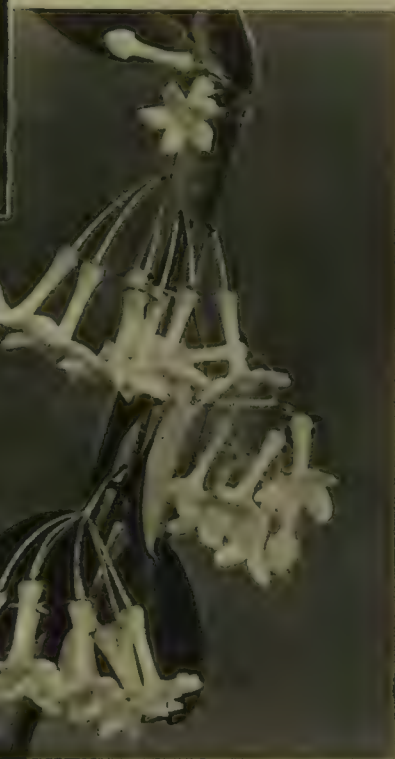
It was a year or two or possibly more before my mother visited that market garden again. But I well remember her description of her reception by the owner when she did. He gave her an enthusiastic welcome, and said he had something special to show her. He certainly had. It was one of his largest houses, planted from



"I THOUGHT BACK TO THE PROFUSE CLUSTERS OF HEAVILY-SCENTED, WAXY-WHITE BLOSSOMS WHICH MY BELOVED MOTHER USED TO GATHER ENDLESSLY TO GIVE AND TO SEND AWAY TO FRIENDS": TWO ASPECTS (ABOVE AND RIGHT) OF *STEPHANOTIS FLORIBUNDA*.

Photographs by D. F. Merrett (above) and J. E. Downward (right).

was launched upon horticulture—especially commercial or "market" horticulture. At that time, perhaps sixty or rather more years ago, ferns, and especially maidenhair fern, were the most popular type of greenery used by florists and in private gardens alike. One year some good American friends staying with my parents remarked upon the almost universal use of maidenhair fern in this country, and told of the great popularity in America of a plant called *Smilax*. Both the name and the plant itself were quite unknown here. So those good friends sent roots of *Smilax* to my mother, with instructions how to grow it, self-climbing, up strings. The roots and the instructions for growing were passed on to our gardener.



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end to end with *Smilax*, whose every shoot was running up its perpendicular string.

How that grower had worked up such a large stock of plants in so short a time I never heard. I was a small boy at the time. Nor, to my regret, can I remember the name of the enterprising grower who thus first launched *Smilax* on a grateful public. My guess is that having grown the original plants which my mother gave him, he saw the virtues and possibilities of *Smilax*, and at once obtained enough seed of the plant from America to make an immediate start on a big scale. *Smilax* had an immediate success. I remember a cousin telling us one day, at the time when *Smilax* was first launched, about a rather Ritzy wedding she had been at in London, and the wonderful green shower supporting the bride's bouquet, some quite new plant—she could not remember the name. That would be *Smilax*, remarked my mother, quietly, and with an amused twinkle. She knew.



# THE JOHN MOORES LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.



"CREATION AND CRUCIFIXION": JACK SMITH'S LARGE WORK WHICH WON THE FIRST PRIZE OF £1000 IN THE JOHN MOORES LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.



"GIRL PUTTING ON HER STOCKING": A SMALL BRONZE BY ULI NIMPFSCH, WHICH WON A £100 PRIZE.



"SEATED FIGURE," WHICH WON £25 IN THE JUNIOR SECTION FOR ROY C. CROSS, A YOUNG LONDON ARTIST. JOHN BRATBY WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN THIS SECTION.



"CARVED FIGURE WITH FRUIT": A VIVID PAINTING BY SIR MATTHEW SMITH WHICH GAINED HIM A PRIZE OF £100 IN THE OPEN SECTION.

THE John Moores Liverpool Exhibition of paintings and sculpture is an entirely new venture which has brought a lively and interesting display of 181 works by living artists to the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool until January 11. Some 3000 works were submitted to the exhibition, by means of which Mr. John Moores, of Littlewoods Ltd., who provided the £4000 of prize money, hoped both to encourage contemporary artists and to give Merseyside the chance to see a representative selection of the best work being done in this country to-day. The works exhibited were selected by four judges—Professor Lawrence Gowing, Mr. Eric Newton, Sir John Rothenstein and Mr. Hugh Scrutton—who also awarded the twenty-three prizes. The exhibition has been outstandingly successful in achieving its aims.

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT TOOTH'S.

THERE are some thirty paintings and drawings in Messrs. Tooth's "Recent Acquisitions XII" Exhibition, which continues at 31, Bruton Street, until December 14. They range in period from a delicate river scene by Solomon van Ruysdael (1600-1670) to a powerful landscape painted last year by Maurice Vlaminck. An exceptionally interesting work is "The Tower of London," by Samuel Scott (1710-1772), which is the only picture he ever sent to the Royal Academy (in 1771). It has come back to this country after being in an American collection for twenty years. A Venetian scene by Canaletto, which has not been exhibited since 1906, makes an interesting comparison with the Scott. Among the French paintings there are characteristic works by Boudin, Marquet, Sisley and Utrillo.



"HUNTSMAN IN A LANDSCAPE," BY JAMES WARD (1769-1859): IN THE "RECENT ACQUISITIONS XII" EXHIBITION AT ARTHUR TOOTH'S. (Oil on canvas; 40 by 50 ins.)



"MARY CONSTABLE, SISTER OF THE ARTIST": A DELICATE PORTRAIT BY JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837), WHICH WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1812. (Oil on panel; 18 by 14 ins.)



"TETE DE FEMME," BY HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954): PAINTED IN 1917 WHEN MATISSE WAS ALREADY GAINING WIDESPREAD RECOGNITION. (Oil on panel; 13 by 9½ ins.)



"MADAME ET SA FEMME DE CHAMBRE," BY MARY CASSATT (1845-1927) THE AMERICAN-BORN WOMAN MEMBER OF THE IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL. (Pastel; 20 by 29 ins.)





ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL ADAM GREAT ROOM AT BOWOOD HOUSE, WILTSHIRE: THE MAGNIFICENT COMMITTEE ROOM IN THE NEW LLOYD'S BUILDING.



RUNG DURING THE ROYAL VISIT: THE FAMOUS LUTINE BELL IN ITS NEW HOUSING, WHICH ALSO INCORPORATES AN INDICATOR, OVER THE CALLERS' ROSTRUM IN THE UNDERWRITING ROOM.



CONTAINING THE LLOYD'S COLLECTION OF NELSON RELICS: THE NELSON ROOM—THE PORTRAIT IS A COPY OF THAT BY L. F. ABBOTT.

## OPENED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE NEW LLOYD'S BUILDING IN THE CITY.



LLOYD'S NEW BUILDING IN LIME STREET—A VIEW OF THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER WITH THE ROUND-HEADED WINDOWS OF THE UNDERWRITING ROOM.



PRESERVING A FEATURE OF THE OLD COFFEE-HOUSE ORGANISATION: THE CAPTAINS' ROOM, WHICH HOUSES A RESTAURANT FOR MEMBERS, SUBSCRIBERS, ASSOCIATES AND SUBSTITUTES.

H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Margaret, opened Lloyd's new building in Lime Street at an evening reception on November 14. Five years earlier, on November 6, 1952, H.M. the Queen had laid the foundation-stone of the new building, which is on a site extending between Lime Street and Billiter Street, and is joined to the Lloyd's 1928 building, on Leadenhall Street, by a bridge. The principal feature of the new building is the spacious Underwriting Room, which is about 340 ft. long and 120 ft. wide. Including the gallery, it provides an underwriting area of about 44,250 sq. ft., an additional 10,250 sq. ft. being available if required—in all more than twice the area available in the 1928 building, which has long failed to provide sufficient room to accommodate the expansion of business since it was built. The room is faced throughout in marble and, together with

[Continued opposite.]





THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE NEW LLOYD'S BUILDING: THE UNDERWRITING ROOM WHERE WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE BUSINESS WILL BE TRANSACTED.



AT THE OPENING ON NOVEMBER 14: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNDERWRITING ROOM AS THE QUEEN MOTHER WAS SPEAKING FROM THE GALLERY.  
A SPACIOUS AND WELL-EQUIPPED NEW SETTING FOR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE BUSINESS: THE UNDERWRITING ROOM, AND  
THE ROYAL OPENING CEREMONY AT LLOYD'S NEW BUILDING.

*Continued.* the other principal rooms, it is air-conditioned. With its up-to-date and efficient new calling system, which enables a broker to indicate his location to an indicator panel by dialling a code number, the Underwriting Room provides a magnificent setting for the business at Lloyd's, which includes all forms of insurance, and especially the marine underwriting, with which its history began in the seventeenth century. In the main entrance vestibule to the Underwriting Room there is a new War Memorial Window by

Mr. Hugh Easton. The new building rises to five storeys above the Underwriting Room, and the impressive and luxurious Committee suite is on the second floor. The corners are marked by single-stage towers, the southern pair carrying a series of carved panels (Air, Sea, Fire and Land) by Mr. James Woodford, R.A. The building, which cost nearly £5,000,000, is faced in Portland stone. The architect is Mr. Terence Heysham, F.R.I.B.A., and John Mowlem and Co. Ltd. are the building contractors.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## FOR THE LOVE OF IT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE Welshman of Rosemary Anne Sisson's play, "The Queen and the Welshman," is Owen Tudor, and that should be enough to summon patriots to the Lyric, Hammersmith. Shakespearians will like to think of Owen as the grandfather of Henry of Richmond, that heroic figure—for me, very oddly, I know, he appears to be a blend of St. George and Red Dragon—who arrives at the end of "Richard the Third" to crush the bottled-spider King. It is a passage that usually has members of the Fellowship of the White Boar trembling in their seats with rage.

On the programme of the most famous revival of "Richard the Third" in our time—John Burrell's for the Old Vic in 1944, with Olivier as Richard at the New Theatre—Richmond's name had a note, "Later King Edward the Seventh." However, the actor, who was Ralph Richardson, did not shudder at his alarming responsibility. The Shakespearian Richmond could hardly be less like Edward the Seventh than Henry the Seventh. I am always interested when this Henry—theatrical, overshadowed by his son—manages to reach the stage. One remembers the historian's "Henry grew up serious, silent, suspicious, and reserved, neither hating nor loving, but using his fellow-creatures with no closer care than for his own well-being, no deeper religion than a regard for his own soul."

There is, too, of course, Kipling's portrait from "The Wrong Thing" in "Rewards and Fairies": "A dark, long-nosed man in a fur cap. . . . His thin eyebrows surged up a piece and came down again in a stiff bar." The best picture of Henry the Seventh we have had in recent years is Christopher Hassall's in his Warbeck chronicle, "The Player King," an achievement that urgently deserves revival. I have a list of plays that I look at with hope whenever something peculiarly trivial is staged for a few nights in the West End. "Surely," I say, "managements will have to repent in sackcloth and find room for the genuinely good work they have scorned?" "The Player King" is on my list: one day, perhaps, a manager will come round to it.

Meanwhile, our theme is "The Queen and the Welshman." Miss Sisson's title is pleasantly direct. Many will have asked about the demure Katherine who, apart from her English lesson early in the play, has only fifteen short speeches during the long Wooing scene in which that admirable soldier but imperfect linguist, Harry of England, pours out his heart. "Your majestee," she says, "ave fausse French enough to deceive the most sage demoiselle dat is en France." When "The Queen and the Welshman" opens, she is still in her twenties. (Historically, in spite of Shakespeare's telescoping, she was not married to Henry until five years after Agincourt, and was his Queen for two years only.) Owen Tudor, a poor Welsh gentleman of long descent, had been an esquire of the body to Henry the Fifth, and this play is the tale of the secret marriage, and of the parting by Humphrey of Gloucester, Protector during the young Henry the Sixth's minority.

Katherine died at Bermondsey Abbey in 1437. Henry the Sixth created as Earl of Richmond her eldest son by Owen: Edmund Tudor. The son of Edmund and his wife Margaret (Beaufort) would become Henry the Seventh. A few of these historical details might have helped an otherwise excellently full Hammersmith programme; but, when all is said, many persons will remember the play not for its history, but for its sympathetic, delicate study of a love-marriage between two

people who find themselves driven helplessly before the fierce gale of the Middle Ages. Though we are conscious of the gale, it is a very quiet play, a contrast to the battle-music of the "Henry the Sixth" trilogy which (it is the right kind of coincidence) London is hearing at the same time.

Two parts govern this Daviot-style chronicle: the Queen (Hilary Liddell) and Sir Owen (Edward Woodward). Mr. Woodward, who is not much like his historical grandson, must please any Welsh nationalist. He is an actor with the qualities of

season Mr. Woodward will be at Stratford-upon-Avon. We shall wait especially to see how he can turn into Mercutio. Mr. Burnham's production of "The Queen and the Welshman" has a gentle sense of style. It is a well-bred play, and that, nowadays, is not a virtue to despise.

I came cheerfully from Hammersmith, but I left the Arts Theatre, after "The Kidders," with something of a headache. Here the scene was, circumstantially, "the living-room of a small rented home . . . on the outskirts of a medium-sized Middle-Western city on a cloudy Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1948." Certainly the clouds were thick and oppressive. At this remove I could hardly venture to give the order of events, and I think it would stump any members of the first-night audience to say now, in detail, just what takes place. Begin, anyway, with the idea that love rules all. Never was so much furtive love-making. At the premiere it became, I regret to report, tedious. Although, at the end, I was naturally interested to know which, if any, of five possible victims the young man with a gun would shoot—this kind of problem is always amply theatrical—I could not have said, hand on heart, that anyone's loss would have distressed me.

The dramatist, Donald Ogden Stewart, appears to me (on the evidence of this play) to be a technician without much power of flesh-and-blood creation. He can manipulate his people, and he can find occasional amusing lines (I had near me a strenuously appreciative roarer), but in "The Kidders" he has not known the first thing about bringing his people to life. Moreover, for most of the evening, they talk alike in a depressingly slick, metaphor-ridden jargon. Even so, there is craftsmanship to recognise, and there is a cast that works very hard to animate the characters. Thanks, in particular, to Faith Brook and Lyndon Brook, to Pauline Yates and to Ronan O'Casey, "The Kidders" gets a most workman-like performance, and it is directed by a producer (Phil Brown) who has realised the value of pace. The crisp attack does a lot for a play that could have slumped to the ground under a dead-weight of plot.

Love finds a way, too, at Drury Lane, where the members of the Urals Ensemble are, for the length of their stay at the theatre, Her Majesty's Servants. These Russian singers and dancers come from the city of Sverdlovsk, on the very border of Europe and Asia. Free from any sort of pretentiousness, they are quite obviously performing for the love of the thing, and doing it with a most contagious spirit. The sophisticated may sniff; but it will be unfair, for there is much talent here if one goes to the Lane with an appreciative mind. I think of the swoop and swirl of the dance called the Hovorod to the tune of "The Birch Tree" (the tree is a Russian spring symbol); the sleigh-dance of winter when a snow-flurry on the back-cloth is the night's only concession to scenic spectacle; and some of the choral and dance numbers when the cast, with unaffected freshness, is oblivious of its audience.

It took half an hour at first for the Ensemble to shake off a certain self-consciousness; but once this had melted, like the snows in spring, all was happy. I had been warned that towards the end the Ensemble would sing "Three Blind Mice"; it was still an amusing shock when it came. Even more of a shock was the ensuing song, a rendering of "On Ilkka Moor" that should bring down all Yorkshire folk. It is strange to hear these brisk young people, in the polychrome of their bright peasant-costumes, singing the Yorkshire ballad as if their lives rested upon it. What a pity (for I have Owen Tudor in mind) that they cannot sing something in Welsh as well!



A "SYMPATHETIC, DELICATE STUDY OF A LOVE-MARRIAGE BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE WHO FIND THEMSELVES DRIVEN HELPLESSLY BEFORE THE FIERCE GALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES": "THE QUEEN AND THE WELSHMAN" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY.

This scene from Rosemary Anne Sisson's play, "The Queen and the Welshman," shows the ladies entertaining and being entertained by the Welshman and his French "prisoner." Seen here (l. to r.) are Queen Katherine (Hilary Liddell), Margaret, the Lady-in-Waiting (Jill Downs), Sir Owen Tudor (Edward Woodward), and Rainault (Ian White).



"I THINK IT WOULD STUMP ANY MEMBERS OF THE FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE TO SAY NOW, IN DETAIL, JUST WHAT TAKES PLACE": "THE KIDDERS" (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM DONALD OGDEN STEWART'S PLAY, PRODUCED BY PHIL BROWN.

This scene from Donald Ogden Stewart's play shows the moment when "The Kidders" are brought face to face with reality. L. to r. are: Dan (Lyndon Brook), Chase (Dermot Walsh), Agnes (Faith Brook), Steve (Ronan O'Casey), Eddie (Leo Ciceri), and Jenny (Pauline Yates).

sincerity—not to be under-prized—and staunchness. He makes of Owen a man one could follow, just as in Sherriff's "The Telescope" (he appeared both on the stage and in the televised version) his young parson was a man to follow, however much one might debate his action afterwards. Next

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE" (Cambridge).—Robert Beatty in a new American comedy. (November 15.)  
 "MEASURE FOR MEASURE" (Old Vic).—John Neville and Barbara Jefford as Angelo and Isabella. (November 19.)  
 "SCHOOL" (Birmingham Repertory).—Douglas Seale, in his last Birmingham production, directs a musical version of T. W. Robertson's comedy. (November 19.)  
 "FLOWERING CHERRY" (Haymarket).—Sir Ralph Richardson and Celia Johnson in a new play by Robert Bolt. (November 21.)





"THE VICTORIAN SATURDAY NIGHT"—AN EXHIBIT FROM THE SERIES "CLEAN AND DECENT" AT THE CURRENT BUILDING EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.



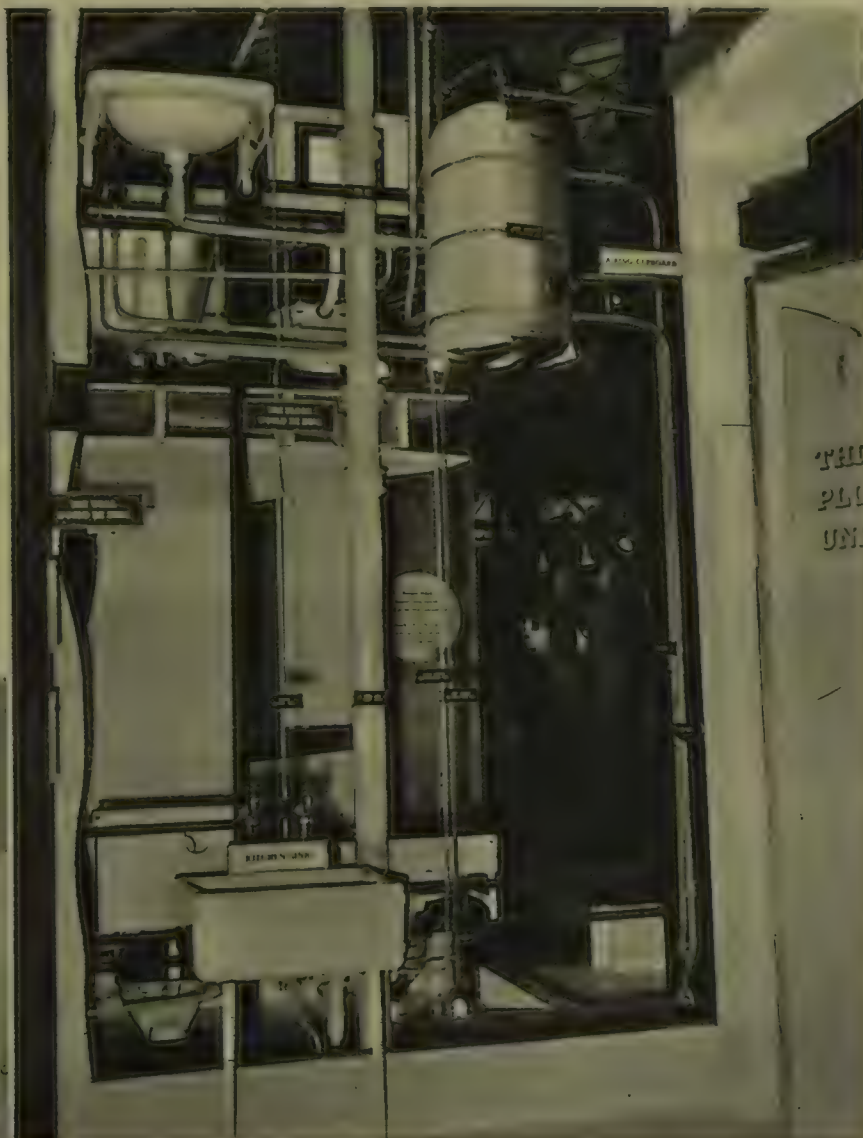
ANOTHER ASPECT OF "CLEAN AND DECENT," THE GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BATHROOM—DESCRIBED AS OLD TYPE, BUT STILL NOT ENTIRELY UNKNOWN.



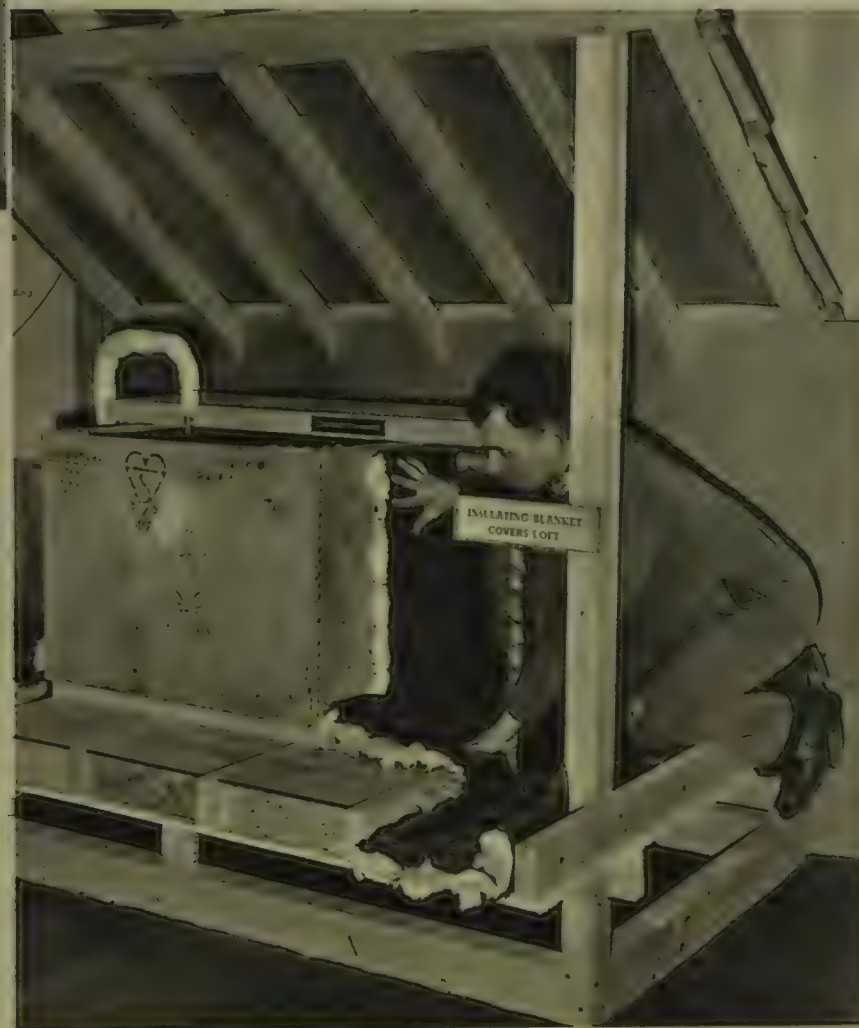
BATHROOM UNITS OF TO-DAY: A SUITE OF FITTINGS EXHIBITED BY SHANKS AT THE BUILDING EXHIBITION, WHICH REMAINS OPEN UNTIL NOVEMBER 27.

Our illustrations on this page are all taken from the Building Exhibition which opened at Olympia on November 13 and continues until November 27. Although many of the aspects of such an exhibition are of a technical nature, especially interesting to builders and architects, nevertheless, with the continuing spread of owner-occupiers of houses, there is much to be seen at this exhibition which is of the greatest interest to the private person. The Ministry

## BATHROOMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY ; AND SCENES AT THE BUILDING EXHIBITION.



A WATER SUPPLY AND HEATING INSTALLATION DISPLAYED IN ITS ESSENTIALS IN THE MINISTRY OF HOUSING'S EXHIBIT—"THE FROSTPROOF HOME."



AN ASPECT OF "THE FROSTPROOF HOME": INSULATING THE COLD-WATER SYSTEM—METHODS OF LAGGING AND HEAT CONSERVATION DISPLAYED.

of Housing's theme is, very seasonably, "The Frostproof Home" and includes methods of heat conservation, protection against frost effects, and the design of systems which should be entirely safe against frost. "Clean and Decent" is a series of exhibits illustrating the history of the British Bathroom and, although the lesson of progress is clear, there must be some of our readers who have nostalgic memories of a hip-bath in front of a blazing coal-fire.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SO much has been written about the European badger that one has almost a sense of guilt in returning once again to it. Yet in spite of the several excellent works devoted exclusively to it, as well as the numerous articles, there are still gaps in our knowledge and, as I see it, some mistaken notions. This does not mean that I am about to say the last word on it, but merely to take up one point, more especially, which still puzzles me. This concerns the conspicuous black and white stripes on the head. It is often said that this is a protective coloration, simulating shafts of moonlight coming through the trees and therefore making the badger inconspicuous. It seems an obvious conclusion to come to until one has experience of the animal in its natural setting, when it is only too evident that in moonlight the badger is conspicuous no matter what its background.

There is another theory, that the black and white stripes form a warning coloration, a warning to other animals to keep away from the badger's powerful bite. In theory it is possible to bring forward strong arguments in favour of this view. These were brought together by R. I. Pocock, in 1911, and they can be summarised in this way. There is a strong tendency in animals having certain types of defensive mechanisms to show conspicuous white markings. These mechanisms are of two kinds, the ability to bite very hard and tenaciously, as in badgers, or the ability to exude a powerful deterrent scent, as in skunks. Such animals, also, are active mainly at night or at dusk, when white may be calculated to stand out; and another feature they have in common is that their prey is mainly small, not swiftly moving and not easily able to evade a predator. To put the matter in general terms, therefore, badgers and skunks, and others like them, can afford to enjoy the luxury of carrying flagrant warning signals to their enemies to keep away because the possession of these same signals will not alarm their prey, thus depriving them of a kill.

The theory is convincing up to a point, provided one deals with the animals isolated from their environment. I mean by this, that if one lays out a series of skins on a museum table it is striking to see so many badgers and skunks having white markings. Starting from this point, one then begins to associate other facts in the search for an explanation. One recalls that the animals possessing such markings are mainly nocturnal, have either a tremendous bite or a nauseous exudation, or both, and so on. Thus everything drops into place. It is only when one asks the question, against whom are the markings intended as a warning, that the theory seems to rock slightly on its foundations.

If we consider the European badger in its natural setting and then look for a possible enemy against which these markings might be effective the answer is difficult to see. In the Europe of a thousand years ago there were bears and wolves. Further back in time there were lions, in southern Europe at least. It is difficult to see how either of these could have habitually menaced the badger. Bears do not normally prey on animals of this type, wolves are mainly active by day, and lions habitually go for a different kind of prey. However, let us assume they, or something else, had the habit of attacking badgers,

To consider one species alone can, however, be misleading. Looking at badgers as a whole, we

### BADGERS' WARNINGS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

find that the North American badger has facial black and white markings less pronounced than those of its European relative. The Malay badger has no facial markings, but has instead a white stripe running down the back from head to tail. So we could go on, with the badgers and with the skunks, as well as other members of the family *Mustelidae*, to which they belong. We find, in fact, a great variety of colour patterns which include stripes or patches of white, variously placed and of varying sizes, while some members of the family are wholly without them. In the same way, some exude obnoxious scents habitually when excited, some do so on fewer occasions, and some are entirely without scent glands. The only certain way in which to work would be to study each member of the family closely, in its natural setting, and then seek conclusions about the function of the white markings by collating all the information so obtained. Until then we are left with no more than a theory, which is what Pocock intended. Unfortunately, when somebody of his experience says "it may be," it is not long before his successors are saying "it is." To speak thus dogmatically has the virtue of brevity and simplicity. Nevertheless, to say that the black and white markings on a badger's head are a warning coloration is to state only half the truth.

were a kind of snorting. It was only the knowledge that she was hand-tame that enabled me to open the door without too much misgiving. When I did so I saw something almost as terrifying as the sounds I had heard. The badger's body seemed to be half as big again as compared with normal. All the hair of the body stood on end, and against this enlarged body the head seemed now ridiculously small and inconspicuous. I heard or saw these things on a number of occasions subsequently, but usually it was only the "blowing-up," as we came to call it—that is, when the hair stood on end. Although the badger was so tame, she would often "blow herself up" if one made an unusual sound on approaching, or did anything else to alarm her.



EMPHASISING THE SMALL EYE: A CLOSE-UP PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HEAD OF A BADGER. THIS ANIMAL PRESUMABLY HAS FEEBLE SIGHT AND A RECOGNITION SIGNAL WOULD NEED TO BE A STRIKING ONE.

Photograph by Jane Burton.

And when she did it, one felt the menace even at several yards' distance.

My hypothesis is, based upon this experience, that animals larger even than the badger hearing the snorting and seeing the bristling body would be deterred, just as I was. They would tend, perhaps, on a future occasion, to associate the striking black-and-white face with a menacing presence—namely, the bristling body reinforced by the terrifying sounds. There is a certain amount of confirmation of this in the behaviour of our dog, who did not seem to be put out by the mere appearance of the black-and-white face. The same I have seen to be true for other dogs where a badger was also kept as a pet. On the other hand, the particular snorts and the "blowing-up" were obvious deterrents and they were evidently remembered. We may presume also that they would be associated with the most striking features of the badger, whether these were stripes on the head or on the back or anywhere else.

Such an idea would not be in conflict with Pocock's theory, but would be complementary to it, and would also tend to modify it. That is, that the white stripes or patches of badgers and skunks would not be direct and automatic warnings as such, but reminders of previous experience.



SHOWING THE CONSPICUOUS BLACK AND WHITE STRIPES WHICH PROVIDE A PUZZLE FOR NATURALISTS: THE HEAD OF A EUROPEAN BADGER.

The black and white stripes on the head of the badger provide a puzzle. Are they a protective by simulating shafts of moonlight in the woods, or are they recognition marks enabling badgers to recognise their fellows, or are they a warning coloration? Most naturalists favour the third explanation, which may be somewhere near the truth, but not for the reason usually given.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

In this dogmatic form it implies that another animal seeing the badger's white markings is instinctively deterred from approaching and that the warning to keep away is automatic. For all I know to the contrary by direct observation this may be correct, but from such direct observation as I have made I cannot think it is. One of my early experiences of our tame badger was when she was shut up while her permanent home was being constructed. I went towards the door to feed her, but something in my approach must have startled her for she made a series of sounds which, for me, were quite unnerving. These sounds are very difficult to describe except to say that they





A HYDRAULICALLY-OPERATED, RAIL-MOUNTED VIADUCT-INSPECTION UNIT: A NEW DEVICE OF BRITISH RAILWAYS ENABLING ENGINEERS RAPIDLY AND SAFELY TO INSPECT BRIDGES HIGH ABOVE GROUND-LEVEL.

A strange-looking new device for inspecting bridges and viaducts was demonstrated on Knaresborough Viaduct on November 12. It is claimed to be the first of its kind in the world. From a long truck, which is anchored to the railway track above the arch to be inspected, a long jointed arm unfolds itself, reaching over the parapet and into the archway. At the end of the arm is a hand-like platform, on which stands the inspector, equipped with flood-lights and a telephone to the main body of the machine overhead. In the demonstration, the arch inspected was some 90 ft. above the River Nidd, and this gives some idea of the way in which the machine can save time and money.

By speeding up the task of inspection, and by rendering scaffolding unnecessary, the new machine is expected to pay off its cost of approximately £6500 within three years. The viaduct-inspection unit is the creation of engineers of British Railways (North Eastern Region) working in conjunction with Simon Engineering (Midlands) Ltd. and the Auto-Mower Engineering Co. The main power unit is a diesel engine, mounted on the wagon, driving a series of hydraulic pumps. Civil engineers have frequently made use of field-glasses for inspecting inaccessible arches, but one of the disadvantages of this method is that moss often conceals the true state of the brickwork.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

THIS is an international week, and amusingly rich in contrast even at that.

First, the still, small voice—in this case a soprano: a tiny work, from the homeland of the novel in miniature. "Love Story," by Louise de Vilmorin (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is on the surface only a polished little caprice, an ironic exercise in *marivaudage*. Catherine Valle-Didier, a married woman "given to secrets," and Marise Lejeand, who has no longer a husband and laughs at secrecy, are, none the less, bosom cronies—drawn together, one might think, by the attraction of opposites. Though perhaps the gulf is more apparent than real. At any rate, when a "very old, very rich foreign lady" offers them a loan of her country house in Normandy, and confides the sad story of her grandson Peter von El, who will be their housemate—but a secluded, very likely an unseen housemate—they are identically enthralled. And indeed Peter von El's is no common tragedy: he loves a dead woman. During the war, his regiment halted for a few days in wild mountain country. Wandering alone, he came to a château in a great glade of the forest, where lived a young girl "under the rule of her father." This was Mathilda. She and Peter exchanged vows, kisses, pebbles from the brook—but "Father Thunder" showed him the door. And they never met again, though they were able to correspond through a poor relation called Tatine. And now Mathilda is dead. But even Tatine has grasped that it would be murder to let him know. He writes every day; and the dead girl answers by proxy, on the plea of eye-trouble.

"If only," exclaims his grandmother, "he could fall in love with another girl!" The friends share this sentiment in advance: how much more when Peter von El is revealed as a young man of imposing beauty and flawless breeding, by no means inclined to hug his solitude. On the contrary: he devotes himself to the grave Catherine and the gay Marise with impartial tenderness, while preserving the highest strain of fidelity to Mathilda. The friends compete for him. They fall out. Marise sustains a rebuff, and is ejected after a slapping-match. For one moment, Catherine has a free field. Then her daughter arrives from school—and instantly joins the competition. Mother and daughter fall out—

It is as though the point of this transparent, baffling little story were concealed in crystal. Why Peter von El? With his far-fetched history, graveyard sententiousness and sublime philandering, he is not just ultra-romantic; he is pre-Romantic—lifted out of another age. But what for?

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Black Obelisk," by Erich Maria Remarque (Hutchinson; 15s.), in spite of frequent and bitter cracks at "our beloved fatherland," goes to the Teutonic extreme. It has to embrace everything; and if we don't understand anything, it shan't be for want of verbiage. "Sometimes," says the narrator, "there is a hole in me that seems to extend to the centre of the earth. What could fill it? Yearning? Despair? Happiness? What happiness? Fatigue? Resignation? Death? What am I alive for? Yes, for what am I alive?"

There is an immense deal of this. However, the real substance is a compound of documentary, slapstick and Grand Guignol: a portrait of the provincial city of Wendenbrück in the year 1923, at the peak of the inflation orgy and inception of Nazism. Ludwig Bodmer, a disillusioned young "veteran" and ex-schoolmaster, now works for a tombstone firm. You can imagine the possibilities there: the tussle for bodies, the war memorials, the inflation tragedies, the mad-hatter finance. Then there is the recurrent problem of how to pay for a meal or a new tie, or keep one's girl. (Drink seems to come easier.) And last and worst, the change of attitude to the war, which those who hated it in 1918 are now idealising. And all the time, lots of rhetoric.

"The Flower Drum Song," by C. Y. Lee (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), offers a gentler study of a very different milieu. Old Master Wang emigrated from Hunan Province to San Francisco five years ago. As he brought his old servants and habits, loves Chinatown and ignores the rest of the country, he has no problem of adjustment. Neither has Wang San; five years have turned him into an American schoolboy, except when his father is looking. But Wang Ta is twenty-eight and at sea. He thinks he ought to support himself. He can't find a job, because Chinese graduates are a dime a dozen. He can't get a girl, because he has no money and girls are scarce.... Charming instructive, with an endearing portrait of the Old Master.

"No Match for the Law," by Osmington Mills (Bles; 11s. 6d.), turns on a cricket match to be played between Law and Order (i.e., local government). The Bar team includes Mr. Justice Craven, the nervous barrister he slapped down, the crackpot plaintiff he made a fool of, and other potential suspects. At half-time, he insists on quaffing a brew of dandelion-and-burdock wine with wild herbs, and dies in agony—but not of the herbs. The plot overstrains credulity; the characters and supporting incident, which get a lot of space, are on a much higher level.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE Caro-Kann Defence, named after the two German players who were the first to investigate it seriously, has the reputation of being somewhat stodgy.

In this game from the latest in the series of annual matches, North California v. South California, at Fresno, it certainly belies its reputation. Especially noteworthy is the fact that Black is the winner. There have been brilliancies against the Caro-Kann in fair measure, but for Black to win with it, in eighteen moves, is phenomenal.

R. MARTIN (South California) White	W. ADDISON (North California) Black	R. MARTIN (South California) White	W. ADDISON (North California) Black
1. P-K4	P-QB3	7. Kt(Kt1)-K2	QKt-Q2
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	8. P-KR4	P-KR3
3. Kt-QB3	P×P	9. Kt-B4	B-R2
4. Kt×P	B-B4	10. B-K3	P-K4
5. Kt-Kt3	B-Kt3	11. Kt(B4)-R5?	
6. B-QB4	Kt-B3		

It seems almost incredible that from this position, White should lose, without making any very obvious mistake, in just seven more moves. He has four pieces in excellent play and an advantage in space; he should be able to complete his development much more smoothly than Black. With this move, however, he begins to wander. The simpler 11. P×P would probably have been better, though Black has the choice of two perfectly satisfactory replies: 11... Kt×P; or 11... Q-R4ch and 12... Q×KP.

11... P×P 12. B×QP  
12. Q×P would help Black to develop his pieces by 12... B-QB4; 13. Q-Q2, Castles!  
12... Q-K2ch!

The move that wins the game.



To a hidebound positional player, it would be anathema to block his king's bishop; but Black sees that he can profitably castle queen's side and prevent White from castling at all.

Now 13. Q-K2 would lose a pawn (13... B×P!). 13. B-K3 or 13. Kt-K2 or 13. K-Q2 would lose a piece, by 13... Q-Kt5ch, followed by 14... Q×B.

So White can only try 13. K-B1 (no castling now!) or...

13. B-K2 Castles 14. Q-Q2

Doom is in the air. 14. Castles would lose a pawn in the simplest way, by 14... Kt×Kt; 15. Kt×Kt, Q×P. It would yet have been better!

14. B×P would lose a piece by 14... Kt×Kt; 15. Kt×Kt, Kt-B3.

14... Kt×Kt 16. Castles (Q)?

15. Kt×Kt Kt-B4

He should have realised how desperate was his situation and given up the QBP to break the pin on his QB: 16. Q-K3, B×P! Still unable to castle without further loss, he could hardly escape defeat.

16... Kt-K3 18. B-Q3 B×B  
17. P-QB3 P-QB4 Resigns

Vicente Gomez. But now Gomez's successor, General Jimenez, is busily engaged in turning Venezuela into a country of spectacularly modern development. Mr. Ward writes with the briskness and competence of a distinguished foreign correspondent.

In "H.M.S. Warspite" (Collins; 25s.), Capt. S. W. Roskill, R.N., tells the story of this great English battleship from her evolution and commissioning in 1915 to her breaking-up, which is taking place at this moment. *Warspite* took part in the Battle of Jutland, and her battle honours include Narvik, Crete, North Africa, Sicily, Salerno, Normandy and Walcheren. Captain Roskill himself served in her for three years. "Truly," he writes in his last chapter, "we are an unsentimental race." I am happy to say that his own book proves him wrong.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO VENEZUELA'S WEALTH.

BEFORE entering the lists in defence of the public schools—or in order to disparage them, or to prove that they should only survive by becoming something quite different—it is as well to decide the question "What is a public school?" That is not nearly so easy a task as one might suppose. It cannot be done without outraging the feelings of a few—or even of a great many. Let me confess that I myself began to take considerable umbrage when, on taking up Mr. Vivian Ogilvie's "The English Public School" (Batsford; 30s.), I found my own revered, if comparatively modern, foundation dismissed in a couple of sentences. But Mr. Ogilvie has performed his difficult task with considerable skill. He points out that it will not do just to take a

list of those schools represented on the Headmasters' Conference or on the Governing Bodies Association, for these contain names—some of them nearly 1000 years old, and, I feel sure, of immense distinction—of which, frankly, neither I nor any contemporary whom I have had the opportunity of consulting have ever heard. But I would unhesitatingly accept the five criteria which he lays down as the characteristics commonly associated with a public school: (1) it is a class school, catering for a well-to-do clientèle; (2) it is expensive; (3) it is non-local; (4) it is a predominantly boarding school; (5) it is independent of the State and of local government, yet it is not privately owned or run for profit. Of course he is writing of the public school as we know it to-day. Many of them, as he points out later, had very different origins. "In the eighteenth century," writes Mr. Ogilvie, "when ever numbers increased, prefect-rule became an inescapable necessity. A large school was a boy-run community. And that meant the rule of the strong, with incredible bullying. There are even legends of boys being killed. The ruling caste felt entitled to any kind of indulgence. They gambled and got drunk and went out whoring." It took Arnold of Rugby to start a new and altogether healthy tradition—but Mr. Ogilvie boldly states the case for maintaining that Arnold's boys were prigs. The public schools have survived two world wars and the Butler Act of 1944. Mr. Ogilvie believes that they are "very favourably placed." He points out that "there are plenty of parents who want their boys to receive a Public School education and who mean by that what earlier generations meant—education at one of sixty or seventy schools, from Eton down to whatever they judge to be the last acceptable one. . . . If this élite can keep going without raising the fees beyond what a sufficient number of parents can pay, it looks like holding its own for another round." As the father of three sons, I can but say that I am afraid he is right!

Mr. Heinrich Schiffers' "The Quest for Africa" (Odhams; 25s.) has a Hentyish quality about it—and is none the worse for that. This is emphasised by a number of reproductions of old drawings, showing white men wearing fierce beards, and funny, but manly, hats. The unfortunate blacks, on the other hand, are usually displayed while engaged in some degrading or unfortunate occupation such as slave-trading or starving to death. But the illustrations do not really give the quality of this fascinating book, which traces the opening-up of Africa from the earliest recorded expeditions to modern times. Some things are unaltered by time. Mr. Schiffers prints a photograph showing a gruesome collection of bones picked bare where disaster overtook a caravan. The photograph was taken in 1950.

The story of Venezuela is quite different from that of Africa, and Mr. Edward Ward tells it graphically in "The New El Dorado" (Robert Hale; 18s.). It is a "success story" of the most modern type. "It does take some swallowing," writes Mr. Ward, "to believe that a penniless former displaced person can save £10,000 in just over four years to invest in his farm; that a Spanish immigrant can make £12,000 a year from a roadside fruit stall; that a huge building can be put up in a trifle over two months; that a river can be dredged so that a 60,000-ton ship can sail nearly 200 miles up it. I saw these things—these phenomena—and I marvelled at them as I marvelled at the enterprise that made them possible." It was oil, of course, as well as enterprise that brought this prosperity to Venezuela. For a time the wealth accruing from the country's oil went to enrich a single man, the President,



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MINISTER OF DEFENCE, APRIL 16TH, 1957



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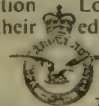
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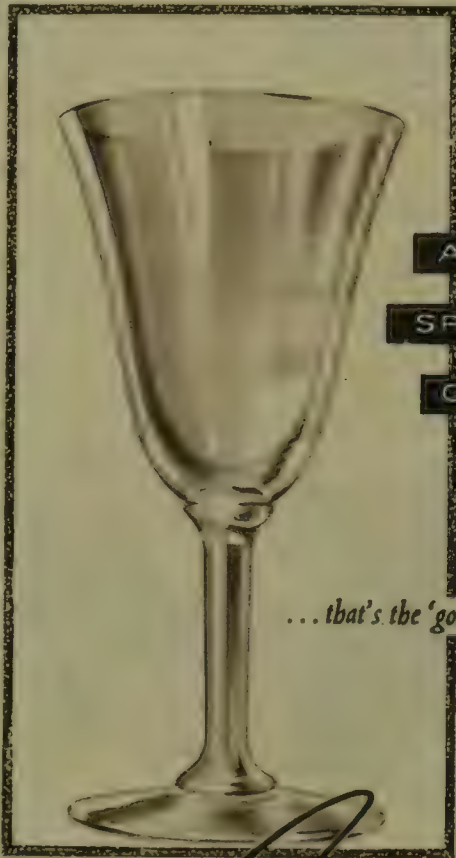
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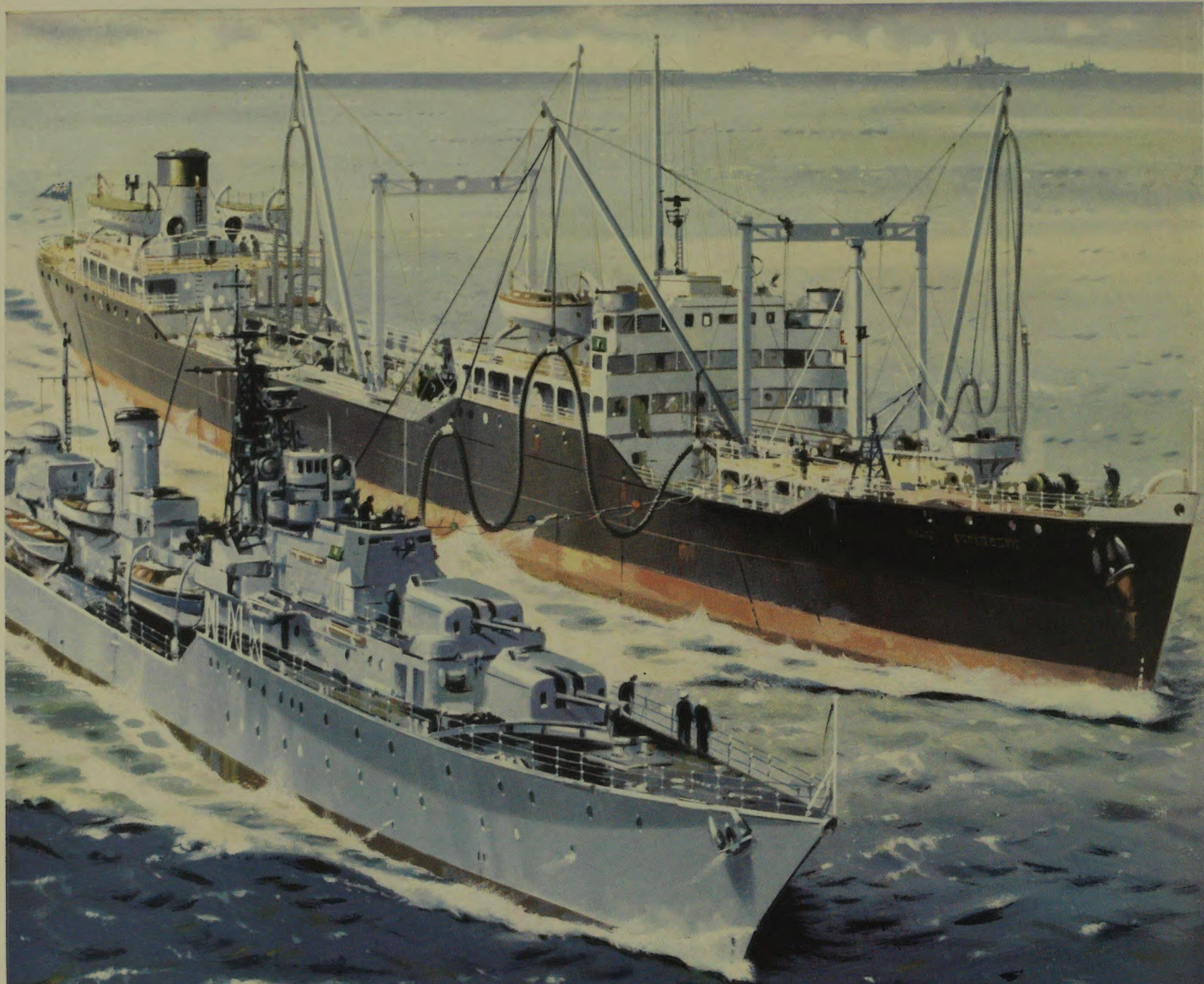
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